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THE ROMAN BROTHER.

(Continued from p. 497.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria—Interior of the Palace.*

MÆSA and SOEMIAS.

MÆSA.

So here are we in Alexandria—
In Egypt, famous for its Cleopatras,
Whose force of beauty fools these Roman heroes.

SOEMIAS.

The worse barbarians—if caprice can make them.
Not the world's beauty, Helen, in her loves,
Nor Cleopatra's self, with all her whims,
Could match our Antoninus.

MÆSA.

I have seen
With pity, daughter! that thy charms are nothing
To the prætorian camp's, in his esteem.

SOEMIAS.

Strange that a man who seldom stirred abroad,
Should, all at once, seek this perpetual change
Of place. The Senate like it not, besure;
Trailed after him. And if they seek to please him,
With feast and banquet, as they oft have done,
The expense is lost, he never will attend them—
But with the rudest soldier of the troops
Will revel rather.

MÆSA.

Well! thou hast his promise
Of journeying to Emesa—there to meet
Your son.

SOEMIAS.

Nay—thou mistake—he will not thither—
But to the Temple of the Moon at Carrhæ.

MÆSA.

Why there ?

SOEMIAS.

I know not, I—unless it be,
Because 'tis not the Temple of the Sun.

MÆSA.

Ha ! the gods prompt me. Let us to Emesa,
And bring Elagabalus to our plan,
To meet at midway his imperial Sire,
With sacerdotal pomp, in priestly car,
As of the sun-god, and himself the god,
Upon the road to Carrhæ.

SOEMIAS.

But how 'scape
The palace, our intention unobserved ?

MÆSA.

The gods to day are ordinant for us—
Old Africanus the astrologer
Has, with loud voice, i' th' public streets of Rome,
Proclaimed Macrinus, Cæsar's successor—
They've sent him here in chains. Now, Antoninus,
Desiring to outwit Macrinus' clerkship,
Gave the old man into Adventus' charge,
To hide him in the Temple of Serapis—
And thither he and his imperial mother
Have gone in secret to examine him.

SOEMIAS.

And who knows what will follow from Macrinus ;
For Antoninus scorns him all too much,
To take his life ?

MÆSA.

Come—we'll outwit them all—
The old Astrologer into the bargain !

SOEMIAS.

In what lies at his door we eathly may—
Heaven grant the stars be true in what they say ! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*The Temple of Serapis.*

The statue of the god in a sitting posture, with a basket or bushel on his head, and a sceptre in his left hand, and in his right an emblematic monster ; (the head and body of a serpent branching into three tails, which are again terminated by the triple heads of a dog, a lion, and a wolf.)

ANTONINUS and JULIA, discovered.

ANTONINUS (*seated*).

When will Adventus come ?

JULIA.

He'll soon be here—

The subterrane apartments run afar,
And for assurance he chose one remote.

ANTONINUS.

'Tis occupation frets me ! When I dream,
Then I but live. Poor Antoninus grows
The fool of things that are not ; he who was
Like Plato wise, like Alexander brave.
Nothing is what we think it is—not even
Our very selves. Rome is herself a fiction !
And o'er the commonest pathways of our life
Flings Poesy delusions. These delusions
Are yet not what we call them, but true types
Speaking and partly being what they show,
If not, as mostly, misinterpreted.
Not other yet than as we interpret them,
Having no life but in our apprehension.
This contradiction 'tis that makes us mad,
Their reconcilment might restore to reason.

JULIA.

Muse not so deeply—nor abstract so finely—
'Tis perilous mysticism, that draineth dry
Life's tree, and leaves us only sticks to gnaw,
Hard, without fruit, or fruit without the pulp,
All husks or ashes.

ANTONINUS.

That is, as it seems
To you, who love the active life ye live in—
To me, 'tis feasting on the sap of the tree,
Banquetting on life's essence. Thus, forestalled,
How can the world perceive or fruit or foliage ?
Yet in their finer forms they nourish me !

JULIA.

Nothing thou givest, nothing canst receive ;
Only by interchange all things subsist ;
What feeds itself alone, feeds on itself,
Therefore soon dies !

ANTONINUS.

Therefore becomes immortal !
Like the great whole which is *not* as the parts,
But childless lives as it was fatherless—
While all which it contains is born and bears,
Corrupts and ends ; the universal Pan
Abideth ever !

JULIA.

For he loveth ever !

ANTONINUS.

Himself ! But that is well :—for in so loving
He loveth all things. I have that in me,
Which is another self, that hates myself,
And in so hating, hates all living things !
—O, this too-weary world ! it has grown fulsome !
Like a vile wrinkled hag—a toothless beldam,

In whose heart all is dead—but spleen and malice;
 And they, like her old mumbling gums inapt,
 Snarl only and not bite—a worn-out harlot!
 Oh, it is stale! 'tis stale! I would go sleep—
 The wormy grave were not so flat and foul,
 As the corrupted mass which makes the frame
 Of this bad picture, and so dull withal,
 It has nor depth nor height, nor length nor breadth,
 But all is on the level. Tedious fiend!

JULIA.

Here is Adventus, comes with Africanus.

ANTONINUS (*rising*).

By the gods, welcome! I had else been dead!

Enter ADVENTUS with AFRICANUS, (in chains).

ANTONINUS.

Why, Africanus! in my absence, hast thou
 Disturbed that city's peace, they name "th' Eternal?"

AFRICANUS.

That thou mightst hear of me.

ANTONINUS.

Might hear of thee?

Extravagant appetite of vanity;
 An old Astrologer could not repose
 At night upon the pillow of his dotage,
 Unless self-flattered that the imperial ear
 Was sentient with the bruit of his renown!

AFRICANUS.

Dread Cæsar! wrong me not. No vanity
 Motived my course—nought but regard to thee,
 That thou mightst hear my warning though at distance,
 And hasten for thy safety back to Rome!

ANTONINUS.

Haste back to Rome? Methinks, this Alexandria
 Is a fair city—that is, fair for those
 To whom there's aught that's fair. I see not why
 A man may not in Afric live—and die.

AFRICANUS.

Die!

ANTONINUS.

Thou reiteratest that same word,
 As if there were no treachery in Rome—
 Or Africa were not, like Asia, Rome—
 O! the she-wolf has ample continent!
 'Tis a world-glen, where Famine never enters—
 But the perpetual shambles are maintained
 For carnage to supply!

AFRICANUS.

Carnage!

ANTONINUS.

And yet,
She has fine feelings ! The divine Serapis
Hath a rich temple—this, wherein we stand—
Majestic as the Capitol it looks on,
From the high summit of its builded mount.
—Admire its arches, and conceive the vaults
That spread beneath us ; and, with reverence,
Behold the mystic statue of the God
Himself—like Jove sessile and sceptred,—with
His other symbols ! 'Tis an awful presence !
And they do say, should impious hand presume
To violate his sacred dignity,
Both th' Earth and th' Heavens to instant Chaos crumble !
Nor wonder I, that this colossal God
Found favour in the imperial Pius' heart,
Who introduced his mysteries to Rome.
But Rome—fastidious Rome—in senate met,
Declared the rites licentious,—and, in witness
Of her own purity, abolished them—
And yet she hath her Saturnalia too !

AFRICANUS.

Carnage !—

ANTONINUS.

Why ! what has touched the man ?

JULIA.

'Tis madness,

Or inspiration ! Fixed he stands—enrapt !

AFRICANUS.

O ! Alexandria ! City edified
By Philip's mighty son ! O, beautiful
And populous, to whom Arabia
And Ind bring treasure ! O, thou diligent
And skilful Mother of a various race !
Sad is my soul for thee !

JULIA.

And wherefore sad ?

AFRICANUS.

That shriek !—*those shrieks !*

JULIA.

I hear none—

AFRICANUS.

My soul hears !

The spirit of the prophet hears them now !

ANTONINUS.

What ! is it doing ?—though on this high mound,
Through the wide edifice, and these dense walls,
It penetrates not ? But there is a terrace,
Wherefrom my eyes may see what now my ears

Make no report of. First, 'twere well, however,
Some inspiration even sustained me too—
Here, Choir-boy ! bring me of the Temple wine,
Though in the sacred chalice !

Enter BOY with a wine cup.

ANTONINUS (*taking it*).

Here it is !

A flowing bowl, like the Egyptian river,
The world-renowned Nile, whose register
Is kept within this dome. Let it flow high
Enough, or drought ensues—but if too high,
Why, then the same will chance. Not here too much !
What's here will quicken and not dull the wit—
Beautiful wine ! that laughest in our eyes,
Before and after drinking. First, I yield
Libation to Serapis. What remains—
Make my blood thick ! (*Drinks, and returns the cup.*)
(*Exit Boy.*)

Enter MACRINUS hastily, but starts back on seeing AFRICANUS.

ANTONINUS.

Art come, and yet retirest ?

—Adventus here has brought the Astrologer,
On certain charges, are contained,—Macrinus !
In these epistles. (*Producing them from his vest.*)

We are busy now,

And cannot read them. Do for us that service ;
And when the chariot race, whereto we're going,
Is ended, make report.

MACRINUS (*taking the letters*).

Dread Cæsar ! Not

On slight occasion, have I sought thy presence,
With much inquiry, now !

ANTONINUS.

Well ! what's thy business ?

MACRINUS.

Massacre rages in the populous streets
Of Alexandria. The prætorian troops
Fall on inhabitant and passer-by,
In indiscriminate murder.

JULIA.

'Tis some error—

Send orders forth to stop them !

ANTONINUS.

Take thou care,

Macrinus ! of this sage astrologer—
Adventus, come—ascend with me the Terrace !

(*Exit with ADVENTUS up a scale at the back
of the stage.*)

MACRINUS.

Why should the man be chained? (*Goes to release him.*)

AFRICANUS.

Stand off! stand off!

Hence, ye profane! touch not my sacred person!

MACRINUS.

True—'twere unsafe to set at large thy frenzy!

AFRICANUS.

Wo! to the dwellers of the human hive!
Wo! to the tribes by useful toil who thrive!
Wo! to the furnace where men blow the glass!
Wo! to the loom where they have woven linen!
Wo! to the mill where they have wrought papyrus!
Wo! to the blind and lame, who know not want,
For they had occupation! Wo to all,
Of either sex and every age! Wo! wo!
Carnage is loose, and blood! thy rivers flow!

MACRINUS.

He speaks too truly. They seek refuge here!

(*Crowds of PRIESTS and PEOPLE enter on both sides.*)

PEOPLE.

Save us, Serapis! save, Serapis! save!

(*Priests range themselves in front of the Idol, with incense and genuflexions, singing the following hymn—all kneeling.*)

Save us, Serapis! save!
By mystery—by miracle—
By earth's and ocean's spell—
By starry heaven, by gloomy hell,
Protect us at thy sacred shrine,
Protect us by thy power divine—
From man's wrath and the grave!

(*AFRICANUS shows peculiar zeal in worship.*)

MACRINUS (*observing AFRICANUS at his devotions*).

An ardent votary and sincere, I note

In Africanus. What are these same letters

That he has brought? (*reads, while ANTONINUS descends, and observes him.*)

Ha! from the magistracy?

This meddling soothsayer in the public places

Hath traitorously named me successor—

JULIA.

What readst thou in those papers?

ANTONINUS (*coming forward*).

Never mind,

Mother! some other time will do for them—(*to MACRINUS significantly.*)

No doubt their substance pleases thee?

MACRINUS (*agitated*).

Why, Cæsar?

ANTONINUS.

No matter, sir! enough is doing here,
Without their folly—

MACRINUS (*pointing to AFRICANUS*).Shall I take *him* hence?

And give thy word to stay the massacre?

ANTONINUS.

Adventus has it. Here comes Pertinax!

Enter HELVIUS PERTINAX.

PERTINAX.

The Senate, met, o' the sudden, on this horror,
Dread Cæsar! have deputed me—

ANTONINUS.

For what?

I have commanded that the slaughter cease.
—Priests of Serapis! and ye worshippers!
The god has heard your prayers! The massacre
Is stayed in the great city. Forth, in peace!

(PRIESTS and PEOPLE retire, singing the following Hymn.)

Laud we Serapis! bring
Morn and eve fresh offering—
Sing his praise in holy verse,
Who has saved his worshippers!

(Exeunt.)

PERTINAX.

Will Cæsar grant the Senate further hearing?

ANTONINUS.

What further would the Senate, *Pertinax*?

PERTINAX.

The Senate hope that punishment will follow,
On the wild licence of the soldiery.

ANTONINUS.

That were, perhaps a perilous expedient!
Tiberius, when he gave to the prætorians
A camp, like to a city fortified,
On the Quirinal and Viminal hills,
Made them *our* masters. Emperors, senators,
The public treasure and the seat of empire,
Are all at their disposal. *They* are now
The Roman *people*. *We* are their election.
We have some weight, 'tis true; but then *their* scale
Is heavier by the sword.

Enter THRASEA PRISCUS with MARTIALIS, prisoner.

PRISCUS.

Here is one ruffian—

One foremost in command; nay, he makes boast,
He has the Emperor's orders.

MACRINUS.

Martialis !

JULIA.

The braggart lies ! bring him before the Emperor !

ANTONINUS.

What, if he does ? These senators must know,
And thou, my imperial mother ! art aware—
How that Severus oft the maxim taught ;
“ Secure the affection of the soldier first,
The rest of subjects need be little cared for.”
On this wise maxim I will dare to act.
Set the man free !

JULIA.

Didst thou then give him charge ?

ANTONINUS.

Hear me. Thou knowst what thou wouldst make me, mother !
The goodliest tree that in thy garden grew ;
And in me I did feel the living wish,
To bear such fruit as ne'er the dragon watched
In the Elysium of the Hesperides—
Well—a blight smote me—and a miraculous shower
Of Blood was rain and dew to the bare branch,
Which remained barren, though it proudly waved,
Conscious of beauty, up to heaven's great eye.
Then said I to my soul, we'll bravely stoop
To common things, and humble to the meanest,
Even with the lowest of the troops we'll herd.
Delight I've found in vulgar fellowship—
Nay—what I never had before discerned—
Love and fidelity. By them my heart
Has been conceived—and when I have been chafed,
They've sped to wreak *my* malice with *their* hands,
And spared my bidding—

JULIA.

Wherein have the people
Of Alexandria done thee wrong, my son ?

ANTONINUS.

Thee ! thee ! my mother ! they have foully wronged—

JULIA.

Me ?

ANTONINUS.

The vile slander of the impious many !
Thy most maternal passion for the scare
The Furies have made of me, they interpret
After their ignorance, and foul modes of thinking.
I am *Cedipus*, forsooth, and thou *Jocasta* !

PRISCUS.

And for a jest, O tyrant ! wouldst thou put
A city to the sword ?

JULIA.

The multitude !

Thou mightst, my son ! have picked out the offenders.

ANTONINUS.

They all are guilty equally—all—all—

Or uttered or with smiles approved the jest.

—Only a jest ! Let the ill-mannered churls

Who coin such ribald falsehoods, know that they

Make of that simple instrument, the tongue,

A weapon sharper than a lance's thrust.

—Thus tiny creatures may the nobler worry—

If he disdain them ; well !—if he destroy ;

'Tis Nature's wisdom, who decreed of old,

The fiercer animal should have for prey

The gentler, that her vigour might be witnessed

Chief in the strongest and the bravest samples.

JULIA.

O, hapless mother ! cursed with piety !

The filial malediction of his duty !

For all things turn in him to bitterness.

Ye stars ! is this the imperial destiny

Ye promised ? Ye do mock us—and your sophists

Go mad to make us mad, as is even now

Your prophet here !

AFRICANUS.

Nay, lady ! look on me—

The fury is all spent—and I repose.

JULIA.

Worse mockery yet ! why, too, am I not resting ?

PRISCUS.

See there the answer—look upon the tyrant !

Whom Rome, when Rome was Rome, would soon have cast

From his pernicious orbit, for a comet

That threatened ruin to her state and greatness.

ANTONINUS.

Liar ! slave ! traitor ! Ere she grew to empire,

Rome was a savage den of robbers—where

Each strove for mastery, and each rose up

To hinder other than himself from ruling ;

Till the collision, rude as it might be,

Struck out the Cæsar, like a glorious light,

The extract of their virtue, and its crown ;

Which who would quench, let him be quenched in hell !

Draw.

PRISCUS.

If thou strike, I will defend me.

ANTONINUS (*striking him*).

There !

We fight for principles ! None interfere !

As ye your own lives value! We will see
Which wins—(*Fights and disarms PRISCUS*).
'Tis mine! ha!

JULIA.

In a mother's name,
Shed no more blood, if thou dost honour me!

ANTONINUS.

Honour thee? Have I not raised a hecatomb,
All in thy honour?

(*To Priscus.*) Take thy sword again,
I'm satisfied, sir! (*Approaching PERTINAX*)
Pertinax! thou art silent;

I'd have *thee, too*, beware of jesting; spare,
At any rate, our mother, whom we hold
Precious above all price; a chrysolite,
Pure as the stars, rich as the element
Of water, dear as light, august as heaven,
And sacred as the centre of the earth!
Bear thou our answer to the senate, thus—
There, doubtless, thou wilt find thy tongue again.

(*Exeunt PERTINAX and PRISCUS.*)

Macrinus! tend the Empress to the palace,
And take good care of our Astrologer.
Adventus has command to guard us forth
With troops for our escort.

(*Exeunt JULIA, MACRINUS, and AFRICANUS.*)

Now, Martialis!

Thou dost expect the guerdon thou deservest—
Thou knowst those fiery senators. Hast thou hope,
While they do live, that I *can* recompense
Thy service as I would?

MARTIALIS.

Never before

I thought of that.

ANTONINUS.

Such obstacle thou seest—

MARTIALIS.

If 'tis so—the removal—

ANTONINUS.

Were most easy!

Begone—thou mayest yet be a centurion!

(*Exit MARTIALIS.*)

ANTONINUS (*alone*).

—Now, my long brooding anger he will put
In present execution—a mere tool,
Whom 'tis my sport to cozen. Thus have princes
Their agents ever ready!

Let me think!

Macrinus will know all. The stars may lie—

Or those who read them be sophisticate,
 And all their art pretended. Well! what then?
 Blood has been shed from single lives—and now
 From mass and multitude—in expiation
 To him who rules me. But the demon crime
 Is unappeased yet. No further mean,
 But my own proper sacrifice!

(*Kneels.*) Hail, Death!

Thou dread pale king! thou god whom all must feel—
 Sole spiritual presence none disputes—
 All, when thou comest, votaries fall down—
 Worlds crouch in prostrate worship. Deity!
 As would a child upon a mossy bed,
 I seek for sleep within thy shadowy chambers;
 Dim phantom—most assured reality!
 Here I devote myself thy willing subject.
 Power of all powers! give me thy crown for this!
 Exchange my purple for thy hueless vesture!
 Thus, in the temple of an ancient god,
 I pray to thee, the oldest! hear my prayer! (*Rises.*)
 —Now I feel strangely calm—and will go forth!

(*Exit.*)

ACT V.

SCENE.—*On the Road to Carrhæ.—A wide Plain.—Starry Night.*

Enter AFRICANUS (in chains).

Ye stars! whom to behold I've stolen forth
 The tent of my captivity, thus still
 A prisoner chained—well ordered are your courses;
 On your free orbs no manacles imposed,
 Save the eternal law which bade ye move
 In everlasting music—free my soul
 Springs to ye, soaring from my raptured eyes.
 In solitude, in silence and in darkness,
 Ye keep your lofty places, and have kept them
 From time's beginning—ye, the immutable!
 Prophetic signs and teachers of true wisdom,
 Serene and calm and bright and beautiful!
 Perpetual volume wherein all may read,
 And universal sympathy may feel,
 Along creation's line, instinct with life!
 Anon, the moon will sink, and not a star
 Be left of this great host—and the pure arch
 In shadeless azure deepen and expand
 Into an image of the Infinite—
 Yet is it but an image—for I feel

A subtler purity within my soul,
And my exalted spirit scorns to dwell
In aught that is apparent—she conceives
Of higher—holier—for her proper home—
A temple, without idol, yet divine,—
And would adore the Being in Himself! (*Retires and kneels.*)

Enter MARTIALIS, with a dagger, bloody.

MARTIALIS.

I have now done what will make me a centurion,
Or give me warrant for a great revenge!
This camp-reposing in the open field,
Under the deadly awning of the night,
Was apt; and Pertinax and Priscus sleep
As they ne'er slept before.

AFRICANUS (*rising.*)

My meditations
Grow dark; my conscious soul disturbance feels,
As at the approach of evil.

(*Coming forward and observing MARTIALIS.*)

Who art thou?

I know thee—thou art Martialis! Why
Roaming thus early?

MARTIALIS (*putting up the dagger.*)

Good Astrologer!

Why, but to question thee my fortune here,
In very presence of the stars themselves?

AFRICANUS.

What evil thing is in thy mind even now?
For thy approach was evil to my soul—
But now she feels like to a subsiding sense
Of something past, she cannot well collect;
Too distant, haply, from the occurrent spot—

MARTIALIS (*aside.*)

'Tis well, thou wert! else thy soothsaying soul
Had marred the deed—

AFRICANUS.

There's evil clings about thee!

Come not to me for oracles and omens!
I will not read the stars for such as thou!
And if I would—lo, they have already vanished—
All—even the last. Dawn kindles and expands;

(*The sun is seen to rise.*)

Refreshed with these sweet motions of the air,
The heralds and the clients of the sun,
As from the unnoticed quarter of the sky
Whereon his smile awakened, more and more
He glows and burns into the ascending heaven,
A purifying glory, a very god,

Borne on the breezes quickening with his tread !
 Down—down ! and worship, while the rising sun
 Climbs on his throne of hills amidst the clouds !
 Now—who comes ?

Enter MACRINUS and DIADUMENIUS.

DIADUMENIUS.

There he is !

MACRINUS.

'Tis well we have found him !

(*To AFRICANUS.*) Why daredst thou, a prisoner, quit the tent ?
 What ! Martialis with thee ?

AFRICANUS.

We have planned,

Prefect Macrinus ! no escape together—
 Birds fly not thus unless of the same feather.

MACRINUS.

Despite thy augury, then ye shall pair—
 May I not, Martialis ! trust in thee ?

MARTIALIS.

Ay, as in thine own weapon—

MACRINUS.

Keep in charge

This astral liar ! Straight into the tent !
 Beware he dupe thee not and slip the tether !

(*Exeunt MARTIALIS and AFRICANUS.*)

DIADUMENIUS.

Nay, Father, be not chafed to angry mood,
 Because of Antoninus' subtleties—

MACRINUS.

These letters fold in them my written doom,
 If he but sees them ; and 'tis like he knows
 Their import first. The Astrologer, in cunning,
 Has sealed his lips. I therefore keep him chained,
 Lest wilder mischief wend at large with him.
 My son ! retain him private—

DIADUMENIUS

Martialis

Is wrought to resolution, not to wait
 Longer for his reward. He knows the tyrant,
 And that our lives depend on mere caprice.
 He's fain for a new master, and will serve us
 In any kind, ensures his own advancement.

MACRINUS.

A fellow of brief speech, but excellent action—
 'Tis well : we sentence then the imperial madman,
 But in the execution, have a care
 Our proper character sustain no soil.

DIADUMENIUS.

Leave that to me. We'll hunt this lion down,
That else would hunt ourselves—and then, the steed,
That bears us to the feat, may crack his wind,
And bow him to his fetlock.

MACRINUS.

The hour's arrived
For moving on. We're on the road to Carrhæ—
'Tis to avoid suspicion to be punctual.

(*Flourish of trumpets.*)

DIADUMENIUS.

Punctual, indeed ! hark !—See the cavalcade
Is forth already.

MACRINUS.

Then 'tis plain, the Cæsar
Can do without his prefect. I'm dispensed with !

(*Flourish—enter a great number of Guards and Troops in attendance—MACRINUS and DIADUMENIUS mix among them—then follow AFRICANUS and MARTIALIS—last of all, ANTONINUS and JULIA mounted.*)

AFRICANUS.

Beware the sixth of April !

ANTONINUS.

Halt ! bid halt !
We will dismount. Ourselves will tend the Empress !

(*The Attendants range behind. ANTONINUS and JULIA come forward.*)

ANTONINUS.

Now that dull pedant, with his ill-feigned cockcrow,
Would clarion me into a wakeful caution,
Ignorant of my indifference to danger,
Or knowing it too well. But nought can move me—
The world has no spring in itself, but lives
In that we live. Of other mould is man
Than all he feels. But not more different man
From the mutations that he finds or makes,
Than the proud Roman from the general race.

JULIA.

What others do from chance, he does by choice ;
And hence his virtues flourish on free will.
The Nomade bears, because he must, the toils
And perils of the chase, exposed and naked
In wilds to winter's cold and summer's heat :
The Roman, to attain some distant end,
Will leave a palace-home, and traverse deserts,
And forms the heroic thought to perish rather
On barren sands, the wolves and vultures' prey,
Than not attempt a purpose once resolved.

ANTONINUS.

That yields to Nature—*this* commands her moods,
 And breaks her in obedience unto Art.
 How opposite the virtues grow on either !
 What though chafed Romulus scornful Remus slew,
 Mars set the fratricide among the gods ;
 And men in honour still the patriot hold,
 Who doomed, as judge, his sons to penal death !
 For Nature conquered in the heart, insures
 An easier victory o'er the kind without,
 No traitor in the bosom's citadel,
 No trembling in the fortress of the soul.

JULIA.

And whither tend these speculations now ?

ANTONINUS.

These virtues are of art, and to the child
 Of nature look like crimes. A brother's blood
 Must flow, if his untoward life obstruct
 The founding of the civic edifice ;
 A son's—if he commit its peace or glory ;
 And if a brother, in a later time,
 The integrity of empire put to risk,
 As fratricide was needed to establish,
 'Tis justified, if needed to preserve—
 A *Roman* brother hears not Nature's plea !

JULIA.

Why wound my soul in vain ? Why talk of this ?
 How dear to me that preservation was,
 Those tears evinced which I could not restrain,
 Before the assembled council on that point.
 I sought to save the perfect diamond
 Of Rome's imperial majesty entire !
 Nor had more natural feelings little sway—
 A mother's heart could not be cut in twain,
 One half in Rome and one in Asia be !
 I would have kept ye ever in my sight,
 Nor saw the need of either's death, to hold
 That state in greatness, which fraternal faith,
 And mutual love could better serve and prosper !

ANTONINUS.

It is too late to raise that question now.
 Yet had the answer been till present time
 Reserved, I feel the same had been returned.
 Tardy solutions Heroism awaits not.
 Cinna's and Sylla's, Scipio's and Cæsar's
 Forestall the languid and slow-footed hours—
 Or rebels to Time's law—or lords of both—
 Setting aside all laws but what they make,
 Both for themselves and their inferior fellows.
 For the great mind is a law-giving power,

And from that power all other power derives,
And thereto will adhere from sympathy—
Higher authority it hath than senates,
And rules—a king by privilege divine !

JULIA.

It hath but its own right for what it doth,
And is, in all its cruelties and lusts.

ANTONINUS.

I grant, it is itself the god it owns,
Awed only by its own mysterious greatness ;
Which is in this maintained—that not as *ends*,
But *means* alone, the passions are indulged
Of pleasure and of blood—the *ends*, dominion
Unquestioned, mastery irresponsible !
Free, though the only free, a lordly savage—
Nature may err in mazes most corrupt,
We hold by art the thread that guides the way,
And walk in safety through the dædal paths.

JULIA.

But why thus wrestle with thyself and me,
Thus—to make right what never can be wrong ?
'Tis some delusion striving against instinct !

ANTONINUS.

'Tis war—war—war, within us and without !
I muse, thou art surprised to find it so !
The genius that grew with me from my birth,
Has always told me this ; and, thus inspired,
With strife familiar, for a Roman soul,
No horror was, could daunt ; no fear, could tame ;
And with dropt wing sate Victory secure.

JULIA.

What victory, while thou art struggling yet ?

ANTONINUS.

Over the past !—The Now has its own battle—
Art has not *all* subdued, still some wild yet
Rests unreclaimed. I am not wholly strong—
Some weakness I confess to !

JULIA.

Thou art weeping—

ANTONINUS.

Ay, these are tears ! 'Tis long since I have shed such.
Rebellious nature on the stern and proud
Has been of late a winner. This dead calm
Is broken up at last !

JULIA.

My son ! my son !

How lovelily these tears become thy cheeks,
Pale though they be ! An Iris seems to dawn
From the renewed lustre of thine eyes,

In these moist drops reflected ! Never yet,
Have I beheld thee thus ; and weep I too,
Believe me, 'tis with sudden and strange luxury !

ANTONINUS.

I am a boy again ! It must be checked,
For it needs innocence to be such safely ;—
And I am guilty. This infirmity
Puts me beside my proper purposes,
And makes me cling on other than myself,
And what is weaker. Why ! I should take up
With the dull science of the soothsayer,
Who casts all horoscopes and none aright ;
And it is true, for all that we can vaunt ;
These follies influence, while we disbelieve them.

JULIA.

Appeal to higher names !

ANTONINUS.

Journey we not,
To do so, now ! From their interpreters,
Appeal I not unto the stars themselves,
Or rather, to the powers of the stars ?
Therefore I seek the Temple of the Moon,
And Dian would propitiate. Not that I
Prefer her to the Ruler of the Sun,
But that the priest, who worships at his shrine,
Must be a biassed officer, and justice
Revolts against a partial ministry.

JULIA.

There is in that a sense I comprehend.

ANTONINUS.

Then I should fear it. It prevails with me,
Because of its *obscure* significance !
—But let that pass—with all that else is passed !
Here my commission seems to have an end—
What is done, is done ! What was done amiss,
Though but as means, blood has been shed to heal !
I wait but till the gods declare their will,
When they require atonement in my own,
And what the manner of the sacrifice !

JULIA.

Strange thought ! my Antoninus ! passing strange !
The tears that I have seen thee shed so late,
Are earnest, in the peace they gave to me—
Of what they mean to thee !

ANTONINUS.

Nothing but blood !

I have shed it in transgression and atonement—
No substitute, unless among the gods,
None there I know, nor what it would avail—

Nought but my own remains—and it must flow !
 —Mother ! stand not appalled—but be—(my mother!)—
 The sacred thing that I have used thee for !
 A missive from the holy gods themselves
 To take my free confession, while I made
 A clean breast of a foul one !

— We detain
 The cavalcade too long. And now, I see,
 There is a man who, by his earnest looks,
 Has somewhat with me.

JULIA.
 It is Martialis—
 The fellow's angry. Speak not with his frowns.

ANTONINUS.
 O, never fear ! Not by such instrument
 Will They demand their victim ! When I fall,
 There will be earthquakes, storms, and dire convulsions,
 Commotions in the emulous elements,
 Enormous as the guilt they shall avenge !
 (*To MARTIALIS, who has come forward,*)
 Thy business with me !

MARTIALIS.
 Shall I speak right out,
 In presence of the Empress ?

ANTONINUS.
 Certainly—
 MARTIALIS.

May it please Cæsar, I have done his mandate,
 On Priscus and on Pertinax !

JULIA.
 What mandate ?

MARTIALIS.
 Their death !

JULIA.
 What ! hast thou killed them ?

MARTIALIS.

Even so !

JULIA (*to ANTONINUS*).
 Did thou not grant to me a boon of mercy,
 A promise for my sake, to spare their persons ?

ANTONINUS.
 O, the great gods ! but even now my heart
 Was washed of its offences. Still more blood !

JULIA.
 Thy hand is icy cold—

ANTONINUS.
 My brain is hot—
 But my heart shivers !

MARTIALIS.

Dost repent the act?

ANTONINUS.

The act? my act? knave! 'twas thy proper deed!
A curse on thee! a curse on all like thee!
The hirelings who infest our palace-chambers,
To perpetrate black crimes in princes' names,
Whom they should leave untouched and unpolluted,
Pure in the highest ether, like the gods,
Who, in impassive state, abide serene
Above the troubled clouds!

MARTIALIS.

'Tis as Macrinus

Told me—No hope of the centurionship,
So solemnly promised—

ANTONINUS.

Curses on ye! Curses!

May the first guilt toss each one from the height,
That he would hope to win! And then when next,
Rash to solicit favour once again,
They watch the beckoning eyes and murmuring lips
Of monarchs, to the harm of honest men,
And haste to do some odious office on them—
May they for recompense disownment meet;
For guerdon, shame and popular abhorrence;
The friends of those they kill, rise up in wrath,
And put them to vile contumelious death!

MARTIALIS.

Fear for thyself, proud Cæsar! for thyself,
Thou fierce and haughty Caracalla!* fear!
Or a vile death ———

ANTONINUS.

From thee? from thee? I fear

Thee not! To make thee a centurion, were
An evil sin against the commonwealth
And the prætorian honour.—To refuse thee,
Though thou wert backed with armies, were a virtue!
I dread no punishment for doing well!

MARTIALIS (*suddenly stabbing him*).

Trust not to that!

AFRICANUS (*coming forward*).

Secure the assassin!

MARTIALIS.

Fool!

Life, to be safe, should be of the same yarn!

(*An arrow from the ranks hits MARTIALIS, and he falls dead,*

* Martialis calls the Emperor by his by-name, as a vulgar mode of expressing contempt for him.

pierced through the heart from behind. DIADUMENIUS comes immediately forward, with his bow, as if he had just discharged it, and is met by MACRINUS.)

JULIA (*sustaining ANTONINUS*).

Why! that was sudden! Have ye not another
Of those same shafts for me? Aim right your arrows
At my heart too!

AFRICANUS.

Is this the murderer?

I never cast his horoscope, and knew not
He was a doomed one. But it has been witnessed,
That heaven punishes by foreign means,
And in a lesser malice works a greater—

ANTONINUS.

May it not fine the vicious by their virtues,
To show them they've no goodness to presume on?
It seems vindictive justice, but 'tis justice!
By him? The gods despise me!

(*To JULIA*).

Yes, 'twas sudden!

I thank him for delivering me—and Rome!
He might have lived—'twere a worse fate than dying—
Thus, mother! to the Thrones, I render *here*
Atonement! (*Drawing forth the dagger—which she
receives—then, falling with the body, covers herself and it
with her veil.*)

DIADUMENIUS (*to MACRINUS*).

That arrow had, methinks, a cunning aim—
Could an accountant save one's credit better?

MACRINUS.

Hush—well! What groan was that?

AFRICANUS (*kneeling and lifting the veil*).

Alas! the Empress,

Beneath her veil concealed, has stabbed herself,
Even with the weapon that had slain her son!
(*Rising*) Peace to the dead—but to the living, war!

MACRINUS.

Thou sayst well, good astrologer! What yet
In chains? Let them be smitten off; for he
Loved whom I loved, and grieves for whom I grieve,
For him, who was so late our Emperor!

AFRICANUS.

No! I still wear these chains, until he comes,
Who rightfully may rule their taking off—
He comes! he comes! hear ye not now the shouts?
(*Shouting without—loud music.*)

Enter ADVENTUS.

ADVENTUS.

Elagabalus, hearing of the chance

That sadly here has happened, hastes hitherward,
High-priest and prophet of the worshipt Sun!

(*Loud music—Enter ELAGABALUS, attired like Apollo, with
MÆSA and SOEMIAS, in a splendid chariot drawn by several
horses*).

MÆSA.

Cease your loud shouting, people! and hear me!
See in the person of Elagabalus,
The son of Antoninus and Soemias!

AFRICANUS.

Elagabalus, son of Antoninus!
The son of Antoninus, Emperor!
(*Loud shouting and trumpets.*)

MÆSA.

Kneel ye, and worship at the feet of him,
Priest of the Sun, and Emperor of Rome!
(*All kneel, except MACRINUS, DIADUMENIUS, and AFRICANUS.*)

MACRINUS.

Must we bow down to this mad mockery?

AFRICANUS.

Ay, or be marked as traitors, and as such
Meet instant death!

MACRINUS (*to DIADUMENIUS*).

Kneel! since we must! It is
The fashion of the time. (*Kneeling.*)

AFRICANUS (*standing over them*).

What is—will be.
Though human science err—the stars are just!
(*Curtain falls.*)

[N.B. The introduction of spectacle at the end of this tragedy was suggested to me by some remarks on Werner's *Martin Luther*, by Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Norwich. He says:—"The composition of historic tragedy deserves to be revived in this country. Dramas on that plan are apt to be too long; but they might be given without any after-piece, especially if the poet, as in this instance, would contrive a conclusion full of music, show, pageantry, bustle, song and machinery."—*Historic Survey of German Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 398. The spectacle may be omitted, if seen fit, in representation.]

A friend has forwarded to me the following concise criticism on the foregoing tragedy;—"Your first act is prosaic; the second, poetic; the third, psychologic; the fourth, philosophic; and the fifth, theologic." With all my heart!

M. GUIZOT'S THEORY OF SYNCRETISM AND COALITION.

[As the philanthropic policy of the Doctrinaires, advocated by M. Guizot in the *Reveu Française*, has been so often re-echoed in Britain by the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, we think it but justice to the common cause to translate M. Guizot's celebrated Plea for Syncretic Policy, entitled "Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy," in the *Reveu Française*, which is extremely scarce in this country, and the extracts of it that have appeared in our periodicals, are very incomplete.

Syncretism is the definite and specific title of that conciliatory philosophy which Guizot here recommends. The doctrine of the Doctrinaires is coalition and union between the Royalists, Milieuists, and Democrats; or, as we call them in England, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals—that kind of coalition which takes place by uniting what is true and good in each, and by rejecting whatever is false or evil. Men may laugh or cry just as they please, but depend on it, this syncretic theory, this law of coalition, harmony, peace, unfolded by eminent writers under many names, is a much nearer approximation to the divine standard, than any sect or party scheme can possibly display.

And if the assurances of those philosophic spirits that watch the first dawns of heaven-descended science, may avail us aught, we hesitate not to declare, that the day is even now begun which shall see the triumph of Syncretists over the sectarians and partisans that falsely slander and basely oppose them.

If this article, by far the finest we have seen from Guizot's pen, shall make the same sensation in Britain that it made on the continent, the happiest results will follow. We wish to excite attention and produce inquiry; for the more our system is examined, the better will it be approved.

M. Guizot's theory of Syncretism is excellently adapted to royal courts, which, being the centres of universal union, should never become sectarian or partisanic. He shows that a monarch is that to the sects and parties of Church and State, which the Sun is to the planets that revolve around him—*let monarchs emulate the sun*. Let them preserve all sects and parties in their respective spheres in harmony and concord, as the constituent parts of one grand ecclesiastical and political *system*. As constituent parts of this system, they are all useful, each having its peculiar characteristic merits and excellences—even as the planets are all glorious, though one may differ from another in glory. Catholicism properly occupies one of the successive spheres of this system, Protestantism another, Toryism another, Whigism another, and so forth. There should, therefore, be a harmony of these spheres, a *harmony in liberty*, as Guizot happily terms it. An equal and pacific law should maintain them in their legitimate series and subordination, so that they may reciprocally aid each other, and all work together for good. The peculiar danger to which they are incessantly exposed, is a forgetfulness that they are but *parts* of one vast *whole*; links in one magnificent chain. The moment any one of them forgets this, it becomes exclusive, preposter-

ous, and extravagant; pretending to monopolise the blessings which it should share in common with its brethren.

Let but princes remember that they are the suns of ecclesiastical and political systems. Let sects and parties recollect that they are but successive planets of the same systems. One of the noblest works that a statesman can study is Kepler's Harmonic World. *The law which regulates the stars, must regulate the earth and its inhabitants.*

Since this article was written, M. Thiers has formed a French ministry on the syncretic, or coalitionary policy recommended by Guizot. We hope it may introduce many ameliorations in this country.

The intelligent reader will observe, that though M. Guizot professedly limits his arguments to France, they apply with equal, or perhaps with greater force to the conditions of Church and State in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

We would merely add, that we by no means pledge ourselves to support all M. Guizot's propositions in this article. Some of them appear to us untenable, though we think the majority of them may furnish useful hints to our readers.]

M. Guizot's celebrated Syncretic Article on Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy, translated from the Revue Française, July, 1838.

It is of Catholicism and Protestantism, not of religion, nor even of Christianity in general, that I wish to speak.

I regret that I cannot find a more precise word than philosophy for my third term. The nature of things forbids it to me. But to be immediately and clearly intelligible, I mean by *philosophy* every opinion which denies a religious faith obligatory on the human mind, under any name or form, and remains on theological questions, as on all others, free to believe or disbelieve, and to direct itself as it pleases.

I shall at present view these topics in reference to France, and France alone. The state of Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy in France, is not what it is in other countries, since our moral and social revolutions have subjected us to different influences. I wish to say nothing which is not founded on actual fact, and susceptible of exact application.

The moment is arrived, in questions of this nature, to deal with facts—real facts, without perplexing ourselves with vague terms, which elude critical investigation.

I am convinced that Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy, in our newly-constituted society—in the France of the Charter—may live together in peace, not merely in material peace, but moral peace—not merely obligatory, but voluntary, without renouncing or betraying themselves in all truth and honour.

I will prove it.

My first argument is, that such peace is absolutely *necessary*—it *must* be.

Here is the state of the case.

Catholicism, Protestantism, Philosophy, and the new French constitution, cannot destroy one another, nor change nor modify each other according to each other's fancy.

These are ancient institutions, powerful, vital, indestructible, at least for a time beyond our calculation. They have resisted the longest and severest ordeals—the ordeals of ages of order, and years of chaos.

Centuries have passed since New France—the France of the Charter—was formed and aggrandised. Every thing resisted, and yet every thing assisted its triumph: the Church, the nobility, the royalty, the court, the grandeur of Louis XIV., the idleness of Louis XV., the wars of the empire, the peace of the restoration. She has surmounted her own vices as well as the efforts of her enemies.

Catholicism was born at the same time as modern Europe, and nursed in the same cradle. It has been associated with all the struggles of European civilization. It has survived all its transformations. In our days it has suffered the most terrible shock that ever shook a church and its creed. It was re-established by the hands of its very destroyers. It is itself again. When we enter into our families—when we traverse our districts, we behold what is its power, notwithstanding the indifference of many of the faithful, aye, of many of the priests.

The destinies of Protestantism, likewise, in France, have been severe enough. It has had to encounter both king and populace; the literators of the seventeenth century, and the philosophists of the eighteenth. It seemed sometimes extirpated by Catholicism—sometimes absorbed by Philosophy; yet it was not annihilated either by persecution or disdain. It still subsists—it recovers its liberty—it recovers its fervour.

Philosophy also has sustained many checks in the midst of its triumphant career. A display might be made of her various mistakes and presumptions. She has much to be amended, but nothing to be dreaded. She has remained mistress of the field of battle. The principles that she has proclaimed have become laws; laws have been converted into facts. The *new* social state to which she has given birth, will not be less favourable to her position than the ancient one which she overturned.

It is certain, that there are powers teeming with vitality, and which may justly be entitled to a long futurity; vigorous contests have taken place among them, but without effect; no mortal blow has been struck.

They cannot change, any more than they can expire. Doubtless, they will undergo a modification in conformity with their new position. They will listen to reason—they will yield to necessity; but without denying their principles—without abandoning their nature. They cannot make such concessions. Whatever there is either characteristic or vital in their nature, will still subsist. To renounce these would be—to die; but die they will not.

It is without any metamorphosis, and such as God and Time have formed them, that they are called upon to live side by side, under the same social roof.

If peace—sincere peace—is not maintained amongst them, what will be the consequence?

Shall we be witnesses of the renewal of those ancient contests which our ancestors saw?

War between Catholicism and Protestantism ?

Between Christian belief and Philosophy ?

Between the Church and the new order of things ?

Shall we be witnesses to a revival of all kinds of fanaticisms, laical and ecclesiastical, philosophical and religious ?

This is not probable. Here and there, however, may be met with, in books, in journals, sometimes even in publications of the gravest cast, many essays of a similar turn of thought ;—declamations of Catholics concerning Protestant impiety—of Protestants against the idolatry of the Papist—of religious men against reason and science—of philosophers against faith and the clergy ; a pure contest of words, often sincere, almost always cold, and always powerless. It is not to be doubted that the old leaven of war and hatred which has found its way into all human convictions, still subsists ; but it will not overturn society again. The habits of men will refuse subjection to it as well as the laws. Even in those hearts where there is the greatest bias, the inclination will soon subside. Those voices that yet would maintain an impassioned, a radical, a mortal strife, whether in different Christian communions among themselves, or of philosophy against Christianity, are the voices of the dying—already abandoned on the field of contest, where they are obstinately determined to remain.

This, however, is most likely to occur.

Living in a state neither of peace nor yet of contention—of conviction without friendship, and of distrust without passion,—Catholicism Protestantism, Philosophy, and, in their train, all society, would become degraded, chilled, and languid. That dignity and vigour which are the consequences of really moral sentiments, would be equally deficient in all. A dry and barren spirit would govern those relations that are purely official, and simply matters of rote ; and we should soon see extend, strengthen, become permanent, and, in a manner, legally consecrated, that state of indifference which is at the same time disdainful and low—cold without security—the condition of those societies that are only held together by the band of the administrative mechanism of those that are destitute of moral life—that is, of confidence and devotion.

Is it, then, for the purpose of arriving at such a condition that, during so many centuries, the human voice has displayed itself with so much eclat in our country ? Is it in order that they might meet at this point of degradation—that these different opinions, these moral powers, have contended with so much bitterness and glory, for the empire over society ?

It is absolutely necessary that they should rescue society ; that they should rescue themselves from this shameful peril. They must accept, they must respect, they must serve the new social state with loyalty ; *they must live together with mutual respect.*

I say it is absolutely necessary. To look upon success as indispensable, as vital in a great design, is a prodigious step gained. A conviction of necessity gives those to whom it pleases, much strength ; to those to whom it is disagreeable, much resignation : a passionate desire sustains more frequently than it deceives ; and truly there is some room here for feeling a passionate desire ; for it concerns during

a long futurity the honour and the moral repose of our society. It cannot continue in that state of apathy and restlessness in which minds languish and strive feebly together. Man desires at once more activity and more security; a firmer standing and a higher flight for his soul. The true pacification of the great intellectual powers can alone afford him assurance.

How can this be accomplished?

I have encountered, without hesitation, the most celebrated, and in reality, the most weighty of the difficulties—the nature of Catholicism, and the relations of its harmony with that new society which has declared, and to which it has, in its turn, declared so fierce a war.

I set aside those questions that may be strictly termed religious; those questions which treat of the connexion between God and man; the questions that touch upon the salvation of the human soul.

Not that I regard these questions with indifference; not that their importance is not now what it has ever been, immense and surpassing. This is a fact which cannot be too often repeated, since it is too much forgotten in our time. Religion possesses a veritable essence, a firm basis, an infinite object. It furnishes the morality which is the guide and regulator of men's conduct in their relations to each other. It produces equanimity and resignation to the severe experiences of life. Religion does this; and therefore is its station justly exalted in the appreciation of mankind. But it does more than this; it carries our views beyond the sphere of earth and time; it allies man with Deity; it reveals to him the secrets of this magnificent connexion. It teaches him what he should believe, and what he should practise with relation to God and to eternity. Here are indisputable realities, which man may for a moment, by ingenuity, conceal from his notice, but which never disappear from his nature. They are sublime wants and necessities which he cannot abolish, though he attempts to deny and despise them. The law of these realities, the satisfaction of these desires, constitutes the substance of religion, its causes, and its consequences, and in an especial sense, of the Christian religion—the first which has really included and embraced these vast relations.

But in these questions, and the theologic dogmas connected with them, there is nothing which in this nineteenth century ought to raise any conflict or embarrassment between Catholicism and Protestantism. In this matter the State proclaims not only the liberty, but the right of the Church to decide for herself, and declares its incompetency to meddle with either.

There is, indeed, but little truth in that mischievous and confused statement—the law is atheistic. No, the law is not atheistic. How can it be so? Is the law a personal being, real, vital, and possessed of a soul—a soul which returns to the God it has deserted—a soul which may be lost or saved? “Human societies (says M. Royer Collard) live and flourish on the earth; there they accomplish their destinies. But they do not include the entire man. However he may be engaged with society, he retains to himself the noblest part of himself, those higher faculties by which he soars to his Creator, to a future life, and blessings inconceivable in the invisible world. These individual and identical persons are beings endowed with immortality, and therefore they have other destinies beyond the State.”

It is for this reason that the State seeks not to interfere with these other destinies. Since their nature and bearing are different from merely political relations, since that which belongs to one belongs not to the other, she cannot touch such theological topics without confusion and usurpation.

What the State now proclaims is, that the Catholic Church was the first to instruct it. For many ages during which the State sought to interpose in theological controversies, did not the Church haughtily repulse such pretensions? And how did she repulse them? By the distinction between life temporal and spiritual, life terrestrial and eternal; that is to say, by the incompetency of the State to judge concerning the relations subsisting between God and the soul.

The Catholic Church has great reason to uphold this principle. The occasional forgetfulness of it has cost her dear. By what means can she lose portions of her empire? By what means did Henry VIII. separate from her? By proclaiming himself a competent judge in matters of faith and salvation. Let Catholicism carry herself back to the age of the Reformation. It is by the confusion of the two dominations, the assumption of a religious authority by the State, that she has suffered her severest injuries. The Catholic Church has no enemies more dangerous than theological laymen, whether princes or doctors.

These are enemies the more dangerous, because religious motives are not the only ones that animate them, and laical usurpations in theological subjects have often served to disguise the most secular interests. If the religious incompetency of the State had always subsisted, the Church would not have so often seen its wealth compromised and annihilated, as well as its power.

It has nothing similar to fear in future; usurpation is interdicted against her as well as from her. Her royalty is exclusively her own. She possesses it fully and securely. On the side of religion, therefore, peace is easy, and may easily be established between Catholicism and the new social state.

Here lies the real difficulty.

The government of the Catholic Church is a power invested with the character of infallibility in matters of faith and salvation. I omit all inferior questions, relative to particular conditions and limitations of infallibility, and whether it belongs to the Holy See, or councils, or both conjointly. I attach myself to that principle which is recognised by all Catholics.

This principle is founded on the perpetuity of Divine revelation faithfully preserved in the Church by tradition and the supply perpetually renewed by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, which does not cease to descend on the successor of St. Peter, placed by Christ himself at the head of the Church.

This is the essential vital principle, the base and the summit, the alpha and omega of Catholicism.

Against a power of such a nature, and boasting such an origin, if it were but real, all discussion, resistance, and separation, would be illegitimate.

The new society—the France of the Charter—has also its principle, which is become that of its government.

All human power is fallible, and ought to be controlled and limited.

All human society, directly or indirectly, in some measure and form, has a right to limit the power to which she pays obedience.

I do not attenuate the problem.

I display the two principles exactly. They differ essentially—it might be said, that they absolutely contradict each other; and, in fact, they would clash if they met in the same sphere. But here I re-state my remedy.

When the Church, many ages ago, contended so loudly and laboriously for the distinction between spiritual and temporal, it acted for the interest of its own dignity and liberty. It did more; it maintained the dignity of man and the liberty of conscience.

The separation of the spiritual and the temporal, a doctrine of the Church; the separation of the religious and civil state, the doctrine of the charter; the independence of religious society in matters of faith, a conquest obtained by the Catholic Church in the first ages of modern Europe; and the liberty of conscience, a conquest of the new society. These are founded on one and the same principle. The application and the form vary, the origin and moral signification fully agree.

Here, then, is the means of pacification and harmony between Catholicism and the new social state. Stating it for granted that the separation of the spiritual and temporal, the separation of the religious and civil state, were sincerely held and maintained by the Church and State, from whence could arise the conflict?

The Catholic Church maintains in the religious sphere its infallibility. The State would as firmly maintain in the social sphere, liberty of conscience and opinion. Both would proceed according to their distinctive principle in parallel lines, without jostling each other.

What hinders?

The obstacle is historical rather than rational. It rises rather from the past existence and operations of the two powers, than from their essential principles or actual relations.

The separation of the spiritual and temporal originates in the chaos of the middle ages. From thence it emerged, as the sun emerges from a dark and stormy sky. Principles and powers, ideas and situations, have been for a long time prodigiously obscure in Europe, confused, inconsequential, incomplete. For ages the temporal was profoundly mixed up with spiritual, both in Church and State. Subsequently arose frequent attempts of usurpation on both sides. The confusion of actions, and the violence of passions incessantly contended against the principle which tried to regulate them.

Such is the condition of truth here below. She is praised and disdained, invoked and repulsed, admitted and proscribed, omnipotent and powerless. Man's life is of no great value, unless the world behaves better. Yet by these continual efforts truth is emancipated on certain lucky days, and ascends to a proud pre-eminence, and glitters brilliantly, and commands admiration.

The separation of the spiritual and temporal has had this fortune. The Church and the State, bishops and philosophers, opinions and laws, have each in their turn contributed to the production of this effect. It is, at present, a principle so well established among us, that neither person, spirit, nor action can withdraw itself from under its influence.

If the great ambitions which have troubled the world were only vain pretensions, it would become them carefully to avoid the risk of becoming absolutely ridiculous. Let those two powers, instead of labouring to recover for brief periods the fragments of their ancient confusion, acknowledge fully and practically their mutual incompetence to interfere with each other. Let each establish itself firmly in its own sphere, and maintain firmly its own principle. The Catholic Church its infallibility in the religious order. The State a free examination into the social order. Not only then would they live at peace, but they would really respect and serve each other, in spirit and in truth, and not only in appearance, and a superficial manner, which is worthy of neither.

I say that they would respect each other in spirit and in truth, and I regret that I can only say it casually. All faith and all law apart, that vital principle of Catholicism, the infallibility of the Church, and the vital principle of our civil society, the liberty of conscience and thought, have a right to respect—the respect of the most pious souls and the most resolute thinkers. But I have no opportunity at present to speak properly on such question. I shall, perhaps, attempt it at some future time.

As to the practical benefits of a true pacification for the Catholic Church, and for constitutional France, they are immense.

What is the evil under which our temporal society labours? The enervation of authority; I do not say of that executive force which makes itself obeyed; for of this power there was never more, perhaps, never so much. But I mean the moral authority of principle and pure right, which needs not recur to force; of that authority, to which the heart bends without allowing the mind to become humiliated, and which speaks boldly with an energy not of compulsion, yet of necessity.

This is the truest authority. Yet it is not the only principle of the social state; it does not suffice for the government of men. It is, however, so absolutely essential, that without it all powers are ineffectual whether they be reason incessantly repeated, interest well understood, or the physical preponderance of numbers. Where such authority is wanting, whatever may be the amount of force, obedience is precarious, or dastardly, always approximating to servility or rebellion.

Now Catholicism has the spirit of authority. It is an authority systematically conceived and organized. It asserts it in principle and executes it in practice with a wonderful strength of resolution, and a deep insight into human nature.

If this spirit prevailed in our secular society, it would require some external counterpoise and limitation; but the danger is evidently not here. And while our national manners encourage the feeling of individual independence, as well in thought as in life, it is a great blessing for society, conducing both to its morality and tranquillity, that other influence maintain a reverence for authority and interior submission.

“I have learnt in the regiment what I have never learnt elsewhere—respect and subordination,” said an officer of the imperial guard, who retired into his village in the year 1820.

Catholicism is the greatest and holiest school of veneration that the

world ever beheld. France formed itself in this school notwithstanding the abuse of its principles by human passions. This abuse need not be dreaded hereafter; and the good, of which we have so much need, will be considerable.

But Catholicism has likewise its evil. It involves coldness, ceremony, and the predominance of formality over spirituality; of exterior practice over internal sentiment. This evil arose, in some measure, from the hypocritical incredulity of the eighteenth century, which was not very dissimilar from the nineteenth. It springs, likewise, from the preponderance of the governmental principle in ecclesiastical polity over the vital, and hierarchical authority over religious life.

Something analogous to this connexion existed in the last century between the Church and the State. On each side there was a vigorous power still retained in the hands of its ancient possessors: but there was little faith and love among the subjects.

And yet what is it that has saved Catholicism from absolute shipwreck?—It is its popular character. The government has fallen, but the Catholic people has survived. M. de Montlosier was right—in our days, also, it is the cross of wood that has saved the world.

This salvation is still incomplete. The Church, indeed, has re-established itself, but many souls languish. Catholicism needs a faith more internal and more intense. It is vague and unregulated idea of this want which has for so many years excited those dreams of absolute independence, and the partition of Church and State; those shiverings of the democratic fever, which, under the name of M. Abbé La Mennais, have scandalized the faithful, and made the indifferent smile.

Insensate dreams, disgraceful dreams, which demand from Catholicism the abjuration of its principle and its history, which demands its exposure to the contagion of modern evil, and its self-imposed suicidal infamy. It is not by such erroneous means that Catholicism will recover its religious vitality. It is only by remaining faithful to its own better nature that it can approve itself in its new position. This position is honourable, and strong, and favourable to the progress of faith and fervour. Towards the State, a just measure of liberty and alliance; towards the faithful, a proper independence and a pleasing familiarity. No false hopes, no secular distractions; nothing which renders zeal impure or suspicious; nothing, in short, which violates religion or the customs of the Church; nothing which deprives it of its august character, of elevation and stability. For the Catholic Church thus situated in constitutional France, success is certain, provided it employs fair means.

The situation of Protestantism is more simple; some persons affect to think it better. The general spirit that prevails since the year 1830—our domestic and political alliances—the analogy of principles between Constitutional France and Protestant England—all these would seem to indicate that Protestantism is in favour. There are even some people who have discovered a great conspiracy for rendering France Protestant. This is not worthy of the most transient attention.

A time has been, and that not very remote, in which Protestantism did not appear so well established in France. I do not speak of the time of the Restoration. Even under the Empire, it was often said that Protestantism had a republican tendency; that its maxims were contrary to all stable order and accumulated power. The Protestant and revolutionary spirits have been accused of holding a very close alliance.

This is still repeated; it has even become the thesis of a party. People persevere in representing Protestantism as incompatible with good social order, the peace of men's minds, and of monarchical institutions. Fortunately, however, Protestantism is not of a single day's growth in Europe; it has a history and facts for its vouchers.

If there are three nations—three countries—which, during a period of fifty years, in the midst of so many revolutions of ideas, states, and dynasties, have given striking proofs of attachment to their princes and their institutions—to the conservative and monarchical spirit—these are, most undoubtedly, England, Holland, and Prussia, the three Protestant countries most distinguished in Europe. Countries of order; likewise countries of industry, and admirable prosperity; countries that rank high in the energy and glory of modern civilization.

This is sufficient answer to the stupid declamations of a vile party-spirit, and they do not deserve a more ample discussion.

French Protestantism is particularly protected from this absurd reproach. It has not enjoyed any large share of justice or protection. It uses its privilege as a new possession, with gratitude and modesty: never was a religious society more disposed to respect the civil power.

By a singular confusion of ideas, Protestantism has even been accused of an excessive deference in this respect—accused of debasing religion, and of subjecting the Church to the State. It has been said, that the consequence is, the overturn of the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the great government of the Catholic Church, which Protestantism has attacked. Thus the distinction between the spiritual and temporal has disappeared, and the spiritual has fallen under the yoke of the civil power.

This distinction I have lately exalted so high, that I shall not be suspected of thinking meanly of it. It is one of the most glorious forms in which the independence of faith and thought has been preserved in Europe. It is the principle, by virtue of which Catholicism ought to take, in the midst of modern ideas and institutions, a secure and dignified position.

But in the spiritual as well as in the temporal order, liberty is very far from having only one form, and from being exclusively attached to a single combination. Religion has many ways of preserving its dignity and independence: God plants it, and it flourishes in many soils and many climates.

In fact, on the whole view, faith has been strong. Conscience has displayed itself with energy in Protestant countries, notwithstanding the confused demarkation of the two domains, and the too frequent interposition of the civil power in religious matters.

The reason is, that the civil power has never made its principal business the determination of religious matters. Politics and government,

properly so called, have mainly absorbed its attention and strength. Sooner or later it has resolved to leave men's consciences pretty much to themselves. It has left the reins much more lax, and the field much more open, than the power which, in Catholic countries, was devoted to the exclusive task of regulating spiritual society.

Thus it is that in all society, religious or political, there exists a certain general spirit—a certain internal and permanent tendency, which overrides all the forms of organization and all the accidents of civilization. Protestantism is the child of free examination—inquiry formed its very cradle and swaddling clothes. This it has never abandoned, whatever relation it bore to civil authority. In fact, human thought in religious as well as in all other matters, has displayed itself in Protestant countries with infinite activity and freedom.

But we must not forget the primary and leading cause of spiritual independence. It is that Protestantism, *volens volens*, admits into its sphere great varieties of faith, practice, diversities, separations—*sects*, to call them by their right name. They have often been condemned and persecuted, but Protestantism has never thought it worth while to curse them, excommunicate them, and extirpate them. They have lived, flourished, and multiplied in the midst of the national Church—ill-treated, humiliated, but never forced into their last retreat, being always, in some measure, protected by the spirit of free inquiry, its examples, and its memorials. From hence has arisen a strong guarantee for the liberty of conscience, an open asylum for all those whom the civil power has attacked and attempted to strangle. If the English Church has, perhaps justly, though with some exaggeration, been accused of complaisance towards the temporal power, in revenge, the dissenters have committed interminable acts of independence and pride. That buckler by which the Catholic Church has sheltered itself against the state, namely, the separation of the spiritual and temporal authorities, Protestantism has found in the liberty of religious dissent and the multiplicity of sects.

By a just return of this Aurora of liberty, the sects have been much less separated than might have been expected. Persecuted, irritated, even in a state of rebellion, they have nevertheless continued to adhere strongly to the common centre of public faith and destiny by a profound though disguised sentiment. An ardent Puritan was, in the reign of Elizabeth, put into the pillory, and condemned to have his hand cut off. His right hand fell; with the left he raised in the air his broad-brimmed hat, and shouted "God save the Queen!" Almost always, on great occasions, when the vital interest of the national religion or patriotism has appeared compromised, the English dissenters have crowded around that state whose religious banner they have deserted, and have served it with an admirable spirit of devotion. I have very little liking for the spirit of sectarianism. But let not the powerful Protestantism incorporated in the English Church treat dissenters with rigour or disdain. To them it owes, in great measure, the maintenance of the dignity as well as fervour of faith, and the progress of liberty of conscience. Let our constitutional monarchy, especially, never trouble itself about dissent: even if it should one day arise in French Protestantism, it would have no political weight.

It would never compromise the bond that attaches the Protestants of France to the new social state, and to its government.

At the same time that it is exempt from political peril—Protestantism, under a point of view purely religious, has much good to accomplish in France. Not in drawing it over to its own standard, for conversions will probably, in future, be unfrequent on either side; and the importance which some persons attach to them, either as a matter of congratulation or condolence, is rather puerile. They are, in fact, always grave enough for those souls that are personally concerned in them, but of little political momentum. France will not become Protestant—and Protestantism will not perish in France. Among other reasons, this is decisive. It is not between Catholicism and Protestantism that the contest of ideas and authorities now lies. Impiety, immorality here is the enemy which both are called on to oppose. To reanimate religious life, this is the labour to which they are summoned. A labour immense, for immense is the amount of evil. However little we may regard the moral estate of great masses of men—that unstable spirit, that hollow heart which desires so much, and hopes so little, passing instantaneously from feverish excitement into torpid apathy—we cannot view these things without emotion and dismay. Catholics or Protestants, priests or simple laymen, whatever you may be, if you are believers, do not trouble one another on account of your diversities of belief, but rather be anxious for those who do not believe at all. In the great sphere of infidelity and vice, there is the field of labour—there is the harvest.

This field is open alike to Catholicism and Protestantism, and therein the labour of both may be most usefully expended. Each possesses certain particular aptitudes and capacities for carrying forward this philanthropical enterprise.

We are now enduring a great diversity of moral evils. Some are especially weary and disgusted with the incertitude and disorder of the spirit or mind. They seek a port into which no tempests can penetrate—a light which never flickers—a hand that never allows them to fall. They seek from religion more help for their weakness than food for their activity. It is necessary that, in raising them, she should also sustain them—that in touching their heart, she should preside over their intellect—that in animating their interior life, she should yield them, at the same time, and above all, a profound sentiment of security.

Catholicism is marvellously adapted to this disposition, so frequent in our days. It has satisfaction for its desires, and remedies for its sufferings. It knows, at once, how to subdue and how to please. Its anchors are strong for hope, and its prospects are full of attraction for fancy. It excels in occupying men's minds, by tranquillizing them, and suits them wonderfully well after periods of excitement and fatigue; for, without leaving them cold and listless, it spares them much labour, and lightens for them the burden of responsibility.

To other minds, diseased, and seeking religion, more intellectual and personal activity is necessary. They also feel the necessity of returning to God and the true faith. But they have a habit of examining every thing for themselves, and of receiving only what they acquire by their own labour. They wish to fly from incredulity, but liberty is

dear to them, and there is more desire than lassitude in their religious inclinations.

Among these, Protestantism might find favour; for, in speaking to them of faith and piety, it permits and invites them to make use of their free reason. It has been accused of coldness—that is a mistake. In urging individuals incessantly to a rigid self-scrutiny, Protestantism penetrates very deeply into the soul, and easily becomes an intimate and familiar faith, by which the activity of the understanding rather maintains than extinguishes the fervour of the heart. Hence its close connexion with the philosophic spirit of modern times, which has manifested at once both reason and enthusiasm. Desirous of conviction as well as freedom, and preserving its nature, notwithstanding temporary fatigue, it will most undoubtedly resume its double character.

Let Catholicism and Protestantism never lose sight of our civil society, for it is upon that that they are to operate. Let them address it, each for itself, according to their distinctive principles—searching into and taking care of those maladies and wants which they are peculiarly adapted to heal and to satisfy. This is their true mission—the mission of efficacious, disinterested philanthropy. It is not to be perpetually scrutinizing, and censuring each other with polemical animosity.

In general, I believe controversy is very useless and ineffectual in religion. At all times its share is but small in the triumph of great moral truths. They especially establish themselves by direct and dogmatic exposition. In the gospels themselves, we have the most august and striking examples of this. Without doubt, in the primitive ages, there was no want of topics of controversy between the Jews and the Pagans. But how rarely do we meet with controversy, properly so called, in the pages of the inspired writers. They establish their faith by their precepts—they incessantly appeal to the hearts they seek to penetrate. They do not take the trouble to bring forward arguments against their adversaries. Controversy came later, and when it came, it soon altered the truth, for it distributed it by broken fragments among sects and parties; and so every man attached himself, with the untractable blindness of self-love, to that isolated portion which fell to him, and in which he was determined to see, and make all others see, the entire truth which was not there.

Let Catholicism and Protestantism cast aside controversy. Let each occupy itself rather with itself and its task, than the business of its competitor. Then would they live at peace with each other, and with the new civil society.

I know that peace will not be the *spiritual unity*, about which so much has been said.

This spiritual unity, however fine in itself, is chimerical in this world; and from being chimerical, easily becomes tyrannical. As finite and free creatures—as incomplete and fallible beings—unity incessantly escapes from us, and we escape from it.

Harmony in liberty—this is the sole unity to which, here below, men can pretend; or, rather, it is for them the best, the only means of elevating themselves towards the true unity. This will diminish all violence, and restraint, and interference from the material order against the spiritual order, under pretext of attaining to it.

Harmony in liberty—this is the Christian spirit.

This, likewise, is the grand object of philosophy, for it is the moral sense of the principle of toleration, and the equal protection of all modes of worship—a principle which impiety has turned from its true nature, by endeavouring to make it the cloak of indifference, or contempt for religion; but which, in fact, is wonderfully allied with the true faith and zeal, for it is upon their right that it is founded.

This alliance must be accomplished. I repeat, it *must*, in concluding as well as commencing this article. Peace, between religious sects, is now imposed on all by the social state—*harmony in liberty*. This is their legal condition—this is the charter. Let them receive it in spirit, as well as in letter. Let them love it while they obey it. I do not fear the fate of the false prophet in predicting that religion will be as great a gainer by it as society.

As to Philosophy, she has in our days the glory of not having remained an Utopia. Of her discoveries, she has made conquests. She has metamorphosed her ideas into institutions and facts—an astonishing metamorphosis, indeed, which discovers the errors of the first design, by plunging it into the midst of human passions. An immense achievement this, which secures to Philosophy an admirable position in the new social state. It is a great privilege to be able, without embarrassment, to recognise and abjure error. Philosophy can, however, do this; for her proper calling is victory over falsehood. And not victory alone, but power also. Though she has been much deceived, she has been extremely effective; she is entitled to be proud, as well as modest. She can show herself towards her ancient adversaries, just, benevolent, respectful; she cannot be taxed either with feebleness, or with cowardice.

Philosophy is now enlightened by experience. She is now better acquainted, than heretofore, with the conditions of morality and society. She knows that she is not sufficient, of herself, to supply the wants of the world; that she is not sufficient, of herself alone, either for churches or states. She is aware that, in the nature of man, and in the general order of things, Religion has a great sphere of action, which ought not to be contested.

To a greater depth than some of our contemporaries are willing to allow, Philosophy is ready to become seriously and sincerely religious. Like Catholicism—like Protestantism, she will not change her nature; she will remain Philosophy, that is to say, free thought, and only drawing from her own resources, in whatever field she may labour. But in the field of religious questions, she perceives that she has often been very short-sighted and very trifling; that neither impiety nor indifference are true science; that the proudest rationalism may abase itself before God, and that there is philosophy even in faith.

All this, however, is very vague; and I only speak here in general implications. However, so it is. Upon this track Philosophy is now placed, and on this she will ever go forward—a great developement for her in the midst of this social state which she has formed—a great developement, also, for the entire spiritual order, religious and philosophical. May this developement be accomplished. May the spiritual order bind together, with a peace and harmony hitherto unknown, its activity and its glory. Here is the dignity of man—here is the force of society.

THE PRINCE AND THE FISHERMAN.

A SICILIAN TALE.

PREFACE.

Oh, what shall I do ?
 A subject that's new
 The public require, and a clever one too :
 I've sat early and late,
 O'er thy annals, Newgate !
 So lately in vogue with the three-volumed crew.
 We all know a rogue
 Just now is in vogue,
 So at first it seemed strange,
 That in the wide range,
 Not one could I find for a hero
 With Dick Turpin to vie,
 Like Jack Sheppard to die,
 To emulate Tarquin and Nero :
 My search was in vain,
 I got a bad pain
 In my chest, and a little perplexed in the brain :
 All authors, they say,
 Are troubled that way :
 They mystify sadly, what's clear as the day ;
 But a truce to this rhyme,
 I'm wasting my time,
 To converse upon wit-ics
 I should leave to the crit-ics,
 The disciplinarian,
 The strict antiquarian,
 And worse than them all,
 The anythingarian.
 Yet still let me pray,
 'Tis all I can say,
 My story, unread, you will not cast away—
 Or perusing—Dear Reader, *do* try to discover,
 The few merits it has, and the errors pass over.

Description is not my forte ; otherwise I should take the liberty of inflicting on whoever may read the following pages, " a full, true, and particular account " (as the wholesale venders of uncommitted murders say) of the festival of St. Rosalia ; an image of whom may be seen in the convent of Monte Pellegrino, reclining under a rich altar, the marble limbs tastefully attired in a vest of silver tissue, for which, by-the-bye, she is indebted to the piety, or modesty, of a Spanish king.

Well, " once upon a time," on the twelfth of July, in the year 1—, never mind the date—the streets of Palermo were thronged by all classes, belonging not alone to that city, for Messina, Monreale, and

even the coast of Calabria, sent forth its inhabitants; whilst the palaces, with which the small countries to the east and west of Palermo abound, were evacuated in favour of the stately hotels of the capital.

The Corso and Marino were brilliantly illuminated by means of arches erected on each side the street, between the front paths and pavement, whilst both the roof and walls of the cathedral presented a blaze of light. In addition to these preparations, were two raised platforms for fireworks, one built on piles driven into the sea facing the temple in the centre of the Marino, which is generally used as an orchestra; the other, fronting the viceroy's palace, and, for the time, its equal in splendour and size.

Near the former of these platforms, was a temporary though magnificent pavilion, in which the Marquis di Miranda entertained the principal nobility of Palermo; and the assembly of rank and beauty there congregated, rendered still more striking by the aid of embroidered robes, waving plumes, and sparkling jewels, certainly did not constitute the least attraction of the day.

Although many a bright eye sought the centre of the Marino, from which the gigantic car (overtopping the loftiest houses in Palermo, and bearing a silver statue of St. Rosalia) was expected to issue, in all the fantastic splendour of garlands of orange blossoms, branches of artificial coral, gold and silver muslins, and sparkling mirrors—but on this day the saint was destined to find a rival, at least in the admiration of her fairer votaries, who considered the dark eyes, courtly air, and splendid attire of one of the viceroy's guests, quite as interesting as the effigy of their patroness; moreover, the cavalier possessed the advantage of being able to return their glances, which the saint certainly would not do. That he was not backward in this respect, may be surmised from the repeated chidings of many a careful matron, who gathered her blushing charge more closely under her wing, affecting anger, yet secretly flattered at her offspring's having been noticed by so great a person as Prince Herman del Torre, the grandson of their good old king, and heir to the crown of Sicily. As to the girls themselves, it is more than probable, the smiles of which he was so lavish, formed the theme of many a tale in after years, commencing, "I remember when I was young," and so on.

A friend of mine once told me, he always preferred to any other, a circumstantial description of heroes and heroines. Now, for my part, *I always* skip them, and so can my readers, (if I have any,) although, if there are some *very* young among the number, they will perhaps say, "but I *should* like to know what he is like," and they *shall* be gratified. The ladies can then decide, if they would admire such a lover; and the gentlemen, if *they* were selected as the author's model, whilst lounging on the Esplanade at Brighton or in Hyde Park, as the case may be.

To begin.—His eyes (Byron was fond of handsome eyes, and so am I) were dark hazel, full of expression, and certainly most faithful chroniclers of his mood, which was not more changeable than might be expected from one petted and idolized, not only by his old grandfather and widowed mother, but by all the Sicilian nation, who could obtain access, directly or indirectly, to his royal person. A critic

might, however, imagine the black heavy brows were a detriment, not only to their beauty, but to that of the broad, open, marble forehead, to which they gave an air of thought not natural to their possessor. His nose was straight and strictly Grecian, though, being broad, it resembled those seen on old Egyptian statues, assimilating well with the short and curved upper lip, the peculiar expression of which rendered the mouth, if not the handsomest, at least the most remarkable feature in the face; in perfect repose, it appeared well formed, though rather large, yet could at pleasure become more animated than even the eyes; true, with its sweet smile, there was at times mingled an undisguised, and always a scarce perceptible sneer, but that was Nature's fault, not his; and the disagreeable effect of the lower was completely cancelled by the upper part of his face, softened by rich curls of the darkest auburn. He wore no moustache, although it was then a prevalent fashion, and its absence, together with the slightness of the almost raven whisker, alone prevented his appearing much older than he really was.

As to his figure, that was symmetrical, so said the tailors of the day, and perhaps it was seen to greater advantage, from the total absence of gay colours, and even embroidery, in his costly yet plain attire. He wore no jewels, save the star which fastened the long white feathers in his velvet cap, but that was of priceless brilliants, an heir-loom in his family: still this absence of finery rendered him more conspicuous than the most elaborate toilette.

Such was the prince whose arrival at Palermo (on his way to the palace of Torre Zizza, which had been prepared for his reception) would have alone been considered an event; but when (in addition to its being the festival of St. Rosalia) rumour assigned him a place amongst the numerous competitors for the fair hand of Lorenza di Miranda, the only child of their viceroy, no wonder many a quiet family was disarranged by the desire of its female members to undertake a long and weary journey for the gratification of their curiosity. However, rumour was mistaken; lovely as the Lady Lorenza was, her charms for once were unappreciated by the only person whom (perhaps on that very account) she felt desirous to please. Not that Prince Herman was deficient in any of those attentions a female has a right to expect; far from it; but she knew them to be a homage to the sex, rather than the individual. Difficult were the task of analyzing a woman's feelings; yet it was remarked her cheek was paler, and her eye less bright than ordinary, though none knew wherefore.

"You are fatigued, lady," he exclaimed, in that low deep voice so pleasing to the ear; "your Tyrrhenian breezes are but chilly to the cheek of beauty." So saying, he fastened the gold clasp of the rich crimson mantle, as he drew it carefully around her graceful form; her cheek flushed, but he heeded it not; for, this little act of courtesy performed, he turned away, evidently seeking some distant object. What it was she could not discover for a discharge of artillery from the xebecs, galliots, and other shipping, which, being ranged round a palace of fire-works, formed a kind of amphitheatre in the sea, enclosing it in the centre. The sound was re-echoed by the neighbouring mountains, producing a grand, though startling effect, in the stillness

of night, and announced the departure of the car from the middle of the Marino, on its course through the city, to terminate at the farthest gate. It were a vain effort to describe the scene of enchantment that followed; palm trees, fountains, jet-d'eaus of coloured flame, were reflected in the water, which, smooth and clear as glass, produced an effect only to be equalled by the genii-raised palace of some fairy tale. How bright and vivid were the impressions on the senses of those who sought their couches, at a late or rather early hour, the following morning; for four days did the festivities continue: on the fifth, the streets of Palermo were completely deserted, rendered doubly gloomy by the contrast they presented to the previous bustle and excitement.

So intense was the heat, that the majority of Sicilians had (yielding to the languor it occasioned) continued enjoying their siesta. Yet, regardless of the overpowering rays of the meridian sun, a train of horsemen left the city by the small gate, which opened on the orange garden, or rather plain, terminating in an avenue of stately trees, on the road to Monreale.

They were evidently of high rank, for the viceroy himself, together with the principal nobles of his court, stood watching their departure on the marble steps of the palace. Once, and once only, did their leader pause, and looking towards a closed jalousie, bowed so low that his white plumes blended with the flowing mane of his beautiful charger, then giving it the reins, he quickly overtook his companions, who were already in the open country.

Though the graceful farewell of the young knight had been unreturned, it was not unheeded; and one there was to whom the memory of that joyous glance still recurred in a time of mental suffering and anguish, such as rarely falls to the lot of woman; the smile had been that of indifference, yet was it treasured in her heart after the lips from which it emanated were hushed in the silence of the grave.

Haughty and cold, to a fault, had Lorenza di Miranda been pronounced by those whose sighs for her beauty or broad lands had met no return save scorn, or, still oftener, contempt; for, as she herself would say, she had the misfortune to be heiress, not only to her father's great wealth, but to many a fertile acre in sunny Italy, of which, as her mother's dowry, she was even then uncontrolled mistress. This alone would have rendered her a desirable prize to the proudest in Sicily; and when, in addition, she possessed a person of unrivalled loveliness, doubtlessly inherited from her Venetian mother, (for the Sicilian women are rarely even good-looking), no wonder her father's court was filled with love-sick Damons, whose sonnets in her praise either excited her mirth, or (what was still more frequent) distracted her with their noise.

Before the arrival of Prince Herman, she had been made acquainted with her sovereign's wishes; yet, notwithstanding he was to bring the reversion of the crown of Sicily in his hand, it was obvious to all, her boy suitor had no better chance than the rest. He came; and with her sex's intuitive instinct, she felt, that for him, she might still remain Countess di Miranda. He admired her charms—sought her society—did full justice to the noble qualities of her mind—but, as to love, that was the furthest thing from his thoughts. Now what did the lady?

At first she felt piqued—then interested—then amazed—and ended by committing the most foolish act in the world, all things considered, namely, falling truly, honestly, and sincerely in love. I do not mean to say she yielded her liberty without an effort; on the contrary, having more pride than vanity in her composition, she knew from the first her affections were, and ever would be, unreturned; so she struggled with her feelings until she could struggle no longer, and was at last obliged, although unwillingly, to own herself conquered.

Had any of her self-styled victims beheld the anguish of that proud girl, as she turned from her window on the morning of the prince's departure, their wounded vanity were amply avenged; her lips and cheeks were colourless as her forehead, rendered still more ghastly by being contrasted with the smooth bands of raven hair, the dark though pencilled eye-brow, and the long black silken lashes, shadowing eyes of a hue as deep, as soft as her own pure skies; she neither wrung her hands nor paced the room, as heroines sometimes do, but throwing herself on a couch, buried her head in one of the cushions, and gave way (in common-place terms) to a hearty fit of crying, regardless of its injurious effects on her beauty, at least for the time. I do not by this mean to imply, that Lorenza was habitually addicted to such weakness; on the contrary, these were perhaps the first, and certainly the most bitter tears, she had shed since infancy, nor was she one to give way long, under any circumstances, to the violence of her emotions.

In less than an hour she had completely recovered the air of dignified self-possession so natural to her; and although, as she approached the window, her countenance was still pale, there was an expression of tender languor in her large blue eyes, which compensated for the absence of her usual brilliancy of complexion, rendering her, if possible, more beautiful than ever.

Blue eyes, I fear, are going out of fashion; yet in the days of which I write, they were considered both rare and handsome, particularly in a southern clime; but lately it has been my fate to hear them much depreciated, especially by those whose own dark orbs render such a proceeding very like a piece of personal vanity. I fear that, however gratifying to myself, my reader will hardly be pleased with this rambling, so I will e'en return to my heroine, who, by-the-bye, (though not the heroine at all,) is awaiting my convenience with true heroic patience. Some time had elapsed; the sun was fast sinking behind the waves of the Tyrrhenian, and pouring a flood of crimson light into her apartment, formed a halo round as bright an incarnation of loveliness, as ever blessed the wildest vision of painter, poet, or sculptor. It was as if all the fire, energy, and determination of her lordly line, were concentrated in her person, though softened and tempered by a degree of sadness, expressed more in her attitude than features, more in the slight drooping of the head, and the air of listlessness, with which the snowy arm lay on her velvet robe, than in the firmly compressed lips, and proud expansive brow.

"So end my father's ambitious projects; so end my own girlish dreams of happiness!" she exclaimed, as her eyes almost mechanically turned in the direction of a neighbouring convent, which, embowered in a thick plantation of olive trees, appeared the very abode of peace

"Surely I have obtained a victory superior to any won by my mail-clad ancestors; I have conquered my own wild passions; nor shall you be disappointed, my sire; your child, as abdess of St. Ildefonso, may perhaps add greater stability to your power, than were her brow encircled by the crown of Sicily."

Long and deep was the reverie which succeeded this outbreak; and as it would be both a difficult and unprofitable task to describe the workings of that lady's mind, I can only request those of my fair readers, who *imagine* they are more enslaved by ambition than love, (and there are many such,) to search their own hearts; whilst the rest must accompany me on a short but pleasant journey over the orange plain of Palermo, through the shady avenue of Monreale, and thence to the lofty mountains which, on three sides, surround Torre Zizza.

This ancient palace, or rather tower, is built entirely of stone, of a square form, and even more remarkable in its architecture than the Mosque of Cordova, with which it is said to be coeval, being built by the Saracens during their abode in Sicily, in the ninth or tenth century; its windows are long, and round at the top, unlike the generality of Moorish casements, which are usually pointed, or arched; on each stone of the battlements is a letter, supposed to be of the Cusick alphabet, now rare amongst the Mahomedans themselves; from thence you may command a pleasing prospect; the distant towers of Palermo, or fortified buttresses of Monreale, midway in the ascent to which rises a barren rock, from whose bosom gushes a fine stream, producing the effect of a miniature cascade. To the north, a view extends over hanging woods of verdant olive, stately plantains, and fragrant orange trees, to the sea, which bounds the scene. The interior of the building presents a succession of thin, graceful arches, and richly frosted ceilings, hanging down in long pendants, producing a magnificent effect. A marble basin receives the fountain that plays in the great hall; the east side of which leads to a sloping terrace, opening on more than one garden, ornamented, in addition to Nature's beauties, by temples, urns, statues, and other decorations.

The rays of a large silver lamp suspended from the centre, would have been very inadequate to the purpose of illumining this gorgeous chamber, had not the soft, clear beams of a cloudless moon poured in unmolested through the numerous windows, eclipsing with its splendour all artificial light. To one of the inmates of the apartment, this circumstance seemed any thing but agreeable; as he tossed upon the soft purple couch, or restlessly paced to and fro, regardless of the anxious glances of his companion, who, half-reclining, half-sitting on a pile of low cushions near the fountain, seemed neither to have or desire other occupation than watching his countenance.

"Shall I sing to you, my lord?" murmured the boy, timidly yet affectionately; "your cheek is fevered, and your face has a strange expression; I am sure you are not well; is there nothing I can do for you?" As he spoke, he gently approached, and fixed his large gazelle eyes on the countenance of the person addressed, with an expression which denoted the sincerity of his offer.

"I am quite well, Leonard," said his master, passing his fingers carelessly through the long black curls; "I am quite well, and you can

do something for me. Bring me my cloak, and a hat without ornament; ask the hour, and return immediately."

"The great clock of Monreale has just struck ten; here is your hat and cloak, and now what am I to do?" said the page, re-entering the apartment with a light step.

"Why come, sit down here, and talk to me, for the night is very sultry, and it wants an hour of the appointed time." The boy looked surprised, but obeyed without comment, as he well knew his master's disposition.

"Do let me sing to you," he exclaimed, after a short silence. "Dame Bertha has taught me a new song about this very castle: it was built, they say, by a great sultan, as a prison for his beautiful daughter, Zizza; she fell in love with a Christian knight, but they cut off his head, and sent it as a present to his ladye-love. Alas! poor thing! her heart broke, and she died in this same hall."

"'Tis a sad subject, Leonard; nevertheless, if it pleasure thee, I am willing to hear it." The boy, delighted at the permission, took his guitar, and after the few preliminary chords of a wild Moorish melody, sang the following words:—

"She sits by yon fountain, and heeds not its play,
Though splendour is there, yet her thoughts fleet away;
Fair flowers bloom around her, rich gems bind her hair,
Still her brow bears the sadness, the calm of despair.
Zizza, Zizza, well, well-a-day.

"Lady, from thy sire, rich presents I bring:
For thy robe the bright silk, for thy hand the gay ring;
And dearer than all, to a fond maiden's mind,
Is the treasure which in this rare casket you'll find.
Zizza, Zizza, well, well-a-day.

"The princess was silent, ah! too well she knew
The relic which there lay concealed from her view;
The blood left her cheek; to the still bleeding head
She pressed her cold lips: the lady was dead.
Zizza, Zizza, well, well-a-day."

"The strain likes me well, boy; now listen, and I will requite thy love-tale with another full as tender; it has also the advantage of being true, so prepare to give thy full attention. About four miles from this very place, in a little valley formed by two rocky cliffs, far from the high road, and the situation certainly chosen more for concealment than picturesque beauty, stands a cottage, containing only two inhabitants. The cottage is, I suppose, like all other cottages, but it is with the inmates my story has to do. They consist of a father and daughter; the first a most unprepossessing character, a fisherman, and one of a determined band of smugglers, who, by some means, have hitherto evaded the vigilance of government, thereby causing considerable loss to his Majesty's revenue; but whatever his faults, you need but look on his pretty Bianca's face to forget them all. How can I describe her? Leonard, you have gazed on fair forms and bright eyes, but you have never seen any thing like her—a spotless pearl, a sweet wild-flower, a warm dazzling sunbeam; all these does she resemble; yet were I called upon to describe the shape and hue of

mouth, eyes, or hair, I could not do it. Well, one fine morning, as a young cavalier was exploring the curiosities of the neighbourhood, he was attracted by the sound of suppressed sobs, and there, with her face concealed in her hands, crying as if her heart would break, sat this lovely girl. Of course, he said and did all he could to console her; artless and unsuspecting, she confided the story of her grief, and he learned that on the return of a vessel, still visible from where they stood, depended her unhappiness. She had been long promised as a wife to the captain of the gang, and the termination of this very expedition was the time appointed for the solemnization of her marriage. The rest is a thrice-told tale; again and again did they meet; she loved the stranger with all the devotion of an untried heart, whilst he, with a bosom torn by every contending passion, knows not how to act. To-morrow this Pedro returns; to yield her to him were impossible, to wed her, still more so. Boy! thou art shrewd and faithful, canst thou guess the hero of my tale?"

"Herman, Prince of del Torre, and heir to the crown of Sicily," answered the page, with a glance so calm and searching, that his master's eye sank beneath it. "To you, my lord, am I indebted for life, and all that can render life valuable; when your proud nobles, and still prouder vassals, passed coldly on, who dismounted from his horse, and took from the breast of the dead mother her perishing offspring? Who nurtured that hapless child? Who supplied the place of father, mother, and kindred, not only by rearing him with the proudest in the land, but by giving him a place in the noblest heart in Sicily—he who did all this will surely pardon one more question—What blighted the fairest flower of Ancona? (so I have heard my poor mother was called,) and left her to perish of cold and hunger." The boy's eyes filled with tears, nor was the Prince unmoved, and it was with a broken voice he replied—

"Your father was a villain, Leonard; think you I would thus basely desert Bianca? The coronet which cannot be hers, should never, whilst I lived, encircle another's brow,—it would be worse than cruelty to leave her now; nay, boy, look not so grave, I will be candid with her, and she shall choose for herself;—now, go saddle Zora, mount your own favourite bay, and prepare to accompany me."

* * * *

Within the shelter of a little grove, behind the smuggler's cottage, about two hours after the preceding conversation, stood Leonard, holding the bridle of his master's steed, whilst his own grazed quietly by his side; the boy's countenance wore an air of fretful impatience; and the occasional exclamations which burst from his lips, as he watched a couple, too far removed for him to hear their conversation, and yet sufficiently near for his quick eye to observe all that passed. "I suppose she will go with him after all," he muttered very sulkily; "she is a great fool, and so they say are all women: besides, if she really loved him, she would never injure him, even to please herself, and this is sure to make his grandfather angry; but I suppose she does not know that: I should like to tell her all about my poor mother, perhaps that would make her change her mind;—the girl is very beautiful, and so they say was she, before her heart was broken."

And where was Herman?—Seated beneath a shelving rock, Bianca's hand in one of his, as with the other he drew her closely to his bosom; her face was concealed on his shoulder, and she wept bitterly, whilst the prince, eagerly, yet fearfully, awaited her next words; at length, she raised her head, and gazing sadly, though steadfastly, in his face, murmured, in a scarce audible whisper, "Prince of del Torre, I cannot break my father's heart!"

"Your father's heart, Bianca!" and the lip curled with more than its usual sneer; "would he not sacrifice you at the shrine of his own avarice? But be it so—God is my witness, I love you too truly, too dearly, to force your inclinations;—farewell, best,—brightest. Heaven bless and preserve you!"

The words were spoken sincerely; yet, alas! for the perversity of woman, every good resolution vanished, and throwing herself into his arms, in an agony of grief, she sobbed out, "Do with me as you will, I am thine, and thine only."

"Not without my consent, girl!" exclaimed a coarse rough voice; "and now, young sir, defend yourself."

Bianca writhed under the iron hand which grasped her arm: as she turned her head, the word "Pedro!" burst from her lips.

Prince Herman's sword leaped from its sheath, and the frightened maiden was compelled to remain an inactive spectator, when the life far dearer than her own was at stake; short, indeed, was the conflict, for before Leonard could come to his master's assistance, the skill of the young knight had proved more than a match for the ferocity of his antagonist, who, blinded by passion, was soon disarmed, and lay bleeding on the ground: first ascertaining that the wound was not mortal, he made a sign to his attendant, and with his assistance, raising the now senseless girl, he succeeded in bearing her rapidly, yet carefully, from a place where it was no longer possible for her to remain, exposed to the united influence of jealousy and revenge.

* * * * *

Two months had passed, two long, weary months, for such did they prove to her, who now sat alone in a small though elegant apartment of Torre Zizza. The garb of her earlier days was replaced by robes of more than regal splendour; whilst her bright gladsome smile had departed, never to return,—her principal charm had been her innocence, but that had fled for ever. As to Herman's love, it was still unchanged, at least she hoped so; yet the dreadful thought that he too must despise her, poisoned every moment passed in his presence, and rendered doubly bitter the unavoidable though protracted hours of separation. During that tedious time, her only solace was the company of Leonard, who really loved the forlorn, yet guilty girl, although fully convinced in his own mind she was no mate for his polished, aspiring, and somewhat haughty lord. She would often assail the prince with complaints and forebodings, until, thoroughly wearied, he would fly to Palmero, striving to forget his annoyances in the society of the lovely, stately Lorenza. The intention of the latter to enter the convent of St. Ildefonso, was not generally known; for, besides having been informed of Herman's conduct with regard to Bianca, love between them was out of the question, at least hers was

nearly conquered, although regard for truth compels me to confess, that, when the prince gazed on her beaming countenance, or listened to the soft clear tones of her voice, his peasant girl was either forgotten, or remembered but as an impediment to a union with one, whose superiority over the proudest in his grandfather's court he could not but acknowledge.

In this way was Herman employed, whilst the horses were being saddled for his return to Torre Zizza, the same evening that poor Bianca, more than usually miserable (for Leonard had accompanied his master), was weeping bitterly, as she contrasted her present melancholy grandeur with the happy hours passed in her humble home, where all had loved her; but now she had no friend, no companion, and she was half tempted to regret that she had not stayed with her father, and married Pedro. "I think he did love me, for he used to bring me such beautiful presents, and if father had not been so cross that morning, it would have been very different. I am sure I am very lonely now,—but it's all over!—I can't go back again, and I had better not think about it." So saying, she leant back in the large Gothic chair, and, completely exhausted, fairly wept herself to sleep like a child. How beautiful she looked! as the strong light fell upon her girlish form; but it was a beauty the mind could not help connecting with sunny groves, and enamelled plains;—her long ringlets had escaped from the jewelled band, which seemed to have fettered their wild luxuriance: and agitated by the cool breeze which played through the arched chamber, appeared to rejoice in their freedom, as they almost danced upon the flushed cheek and heaving bosom—one had become entangled in the ornamented girdle of her rich robe, and assisted by a current of air, it struggled to extricate itself; it required but little scope of imagination to fancy it mourned for the peasant's vest and flowery wreath to which it had been accustomed.

The traces of tears were still on her face, and one or two clear drops hung on the dark-fringed lashes, as though unwilling to proceed, yet unable to return to their bright source, now veiled by the thin lids,—the cherub lips were just parted with a smile as soft, as winning as before guilt and shame had marred her peace;—she knew it not,—but that smile had almost maddened one who stood beside her; one who had sought her seducer, prepared to gratify every feeling of hatred and vengeance: finding her alone, whom, for the wealth of worlds, he would not have voluntarily encountered. At the first impulse his hand grasped the hilt of his poniard, but that hand was no longer firm, and with an impatient oath he muttered, "No, that were but half revenge; let her live to see him perish, and if she feel but one spark of the fire which consumes this breast, she needs no other punishment." Thus reasoned Pedro, but he deceived himself; for at that moment his feelings towards the erring girl were so softened that he half shrank from accomplishing the object of his visit: however, with a strong effort he turned away, and approaching a door leading to the prince's apartments, paused a moment, then divesting himself of the dark coarse mantle which he wore,—an indispensable appendage to the dress of a Sicilian fisherman, he drew a scroll of parchment (on which was inscribed in large characters the word *Vendetta*) from his bosom.

By the assistance of his poniard, he contrived to fasten both to the heavy oaken sill, and then, unarmed, once more approached the still sleeping Bianca with noiseless steps, and a countenance where stormy passions had given place to an air of deep dejection, nay, almost touching grief: for a moment he bent over her, then stooping gently, pressed his lips on that fair forehead, and departed without disturbing her. The exact duration of her slumber she knew not, but she was awakened, at length, by voices in loud and angry parley; amongst these she immediately distinguished that of Leonard, who was standing in the centre of a group of servants, some of whom held torches. Starting to her feet, she approached him with the intention of learning what had happened, when her steps were arrested by the appearance of his master, whom she had not at first observed. In another moment she was by his side, and placing her hand timidly on his arm, sought to attract his attention.

"Off, girl!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, casting her from him with a violence which caused her to stagger,—“Off, girl, I say! or speak; are you not an accomplice in this piece of jugglery? The traitor could not have entered this chamber without your knowledge.”

“What mean you, my lord?” said the bewildered Bianca. “Indeed, indeed, I am ignorant of aught that could displease you: Herman!”—she continued, in a plaintive tone, “have I lived to become an object of suspicion to you?”

This appeal had the desired effect; the moment of irritation passed, he felt ashamed of himself, and anxious to make an atonement for his unkindness. “Forgive me, love,” he replied; “but,”—and an indescribable feeling caused him to hesitate,—“Bianca, Pedro has been here!”

The girl turned deathly pale, yet her look of surprise fully attested her innocence.

“Yes, Pedro,” he continued, in the tones of condensed anger, “Pedro has thought fit, thanks to the vigilance of my attendants, to penetrate to the private apartments of his prince; and this, I suppose,” pointing to the scroll, “is a cartel. Well! it shall be answered. Quick, boy, my rapier.”

“For the love of heaven, my lord, go not alone,” exclaimed his trembling mistress, as she fell on her knees before him. “You do not know him as well as I do—violent, remorseless, revengeful, he will hesitate at no means to accomplish his ends. You will be slain, perhaps.” She could utter no more; but, seizing his hand, bowed her head on it, and sought to retain him.

“Take her away, Leonard,” said his master, after vainly endeavouring to extricate himself; “I am tired of this scene. Bid her women be careful of her, then follow me.” With these words he broke from her hold. She uttered a piercing shriek, but he was gone!

Who has not experienced the anguish of watching through a long, long night? Counting hours, minutes, even seconds. The bosom torn by dreadful forebodings; and the reflection, that whilst we chide the lingering of time for the being most loved on earth, time may have become eternity.

So intense were the sufferings of Bianca, that she sank into a state

of mental stupor, from which she could scarcely be aroused by the arrival of Leonard, who hurriedly and almost incoherently informed her, his master would not return yet, as he was gone to Palermo, whither he must immediately follow. The boy's face was white as marble, and his manner so wild, that, notwithstanding her anxiety for the prince, it attracted her notice; his dress, too, was stained with blood; but, before she had time to interrogate him, he had left the apartment.

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The Sicilian parliament was, by Count Rugiero, about the middle of the eleventh century, divided into three branches (or arms), and this form still remains.

The first, or *Braccio Militare*, is composed of the barons, two hundred and fifty-one in number, in conformity to the feudal system by which the kingdom is governed. Their chief is the Prince of Butero, who is hereditary president of the council, and by this branch alone can princes of the blood or the nobility be tried: from their decision there is, however, no appeal; and even the king would find it a difficult matter to mitigate a sentence pronounced by them, especially in Palermo, where, being seldom seen, he is but little respected.

The second class, or *Braccio Ecclesiastice*, consists of the three archbishops, the bishops, abbés, priors, and principal clergy, amounting to about seventy, who, headed by the viceroy, are invested with the whole legantine authority.

The *Braccio Demaniale* is formed from the elected members of forty-three royal cities, styled *Demaniale*. Their principal member is also prætor or mayor of Palermo; his power is very extensive, being inferior alone to the viceroy, in whose absence the greater part of the authority devolves upon him. This officer, with six senators, are called patricians, and have the management of all civil courts. He is appointed every year by the viceroy, to whom alone he holds himself responsible.

Great was the excitement which prevailed among the citizens of Palermo on the morning of the twentieth of October, as a movement of the cavalry, assembled round one of its largest buildings, announced the dissolution of a court formed from the first of the above-mentioned bodies, and their consequent departure for their respective hotels. Yet no signs of satisfaction greeted the appearance of their brilliant retinues; a universal and mournful silence pervaded all classes as soon as the issue of the trial became generally known. On their approaching the palace, their very footsteps appeared hushed, and many an anxious glance followed the retreating form of the Marquis di Miranda, as, giving his horse to an attendant, he disappeared from their view.

"Can I see him now?" he exclaimed, in a perturbed voice, to one of the numerous servants stationed in an ante-chamber at the head of the marble staircase which led to his own apartments.

"Oh yes, my lord, he has asked for you every five minutes during the last hour. Shall I announce you?"

"No, I would be alone; and recollect no one is to go beyond this room, on pain of my displeasure—not even the Lady Lorenza," he

added, and without waiting an answer, passed on swiftly through a stately corridor, until he reached the door of a small cabinet, which being ajar, permitted him, unseen by them, to observe the inmates of the chamber.

The one was an old man, whose brow, though furrowed by the wrinkles of eighty winters, still retained the dignified firmness of his younger days; the hair was perfectly white, and so thin, that it concealed no part of the lofty temples, though it fell rather low at the back of the finely shaped head; the dark eyes were still full of fire, yet tempered by an expression of benevolence, and at that moment dimmed by tears; the mouth was finely shaped, but the smile, though subdued and softened, bore a strong resemblance to that of Prince Herman, and would have convinced the most casual observer some relationship existed between them.

Wrapped in a loose gown of green velvet, lined with minever, and seated in a large easy chair, he would have formed a noble study for a painter, as he went forward to address a female, who, in a plain white robe, was seated on a low stool at his feet; the lady was no other than Lorenza di Miranda, and it was the sight of her which caused the marquis to pause on the threshold; her quick eye discerned him in a moment, yet she contented herself with observing, in a quiet tone, evidently assumed to avoid startling her companion, "My father, sire."

Despite this precaution, the person addressed almost gasped for breath, as he exclaimed, turning to the marquis, who had now reached the middle of the apartment, "Speak, Miranda, must he die? For heaven's sake! keep me no longer in suspense, let me know the worst!"

"My liege, he must," and the eyes of the speaker sought the ground, as unwilling to view the anguish he knew his words must occasion. There was a long pause; the old man's head was bent so as to conceal his countenance, whilst Lorenza, who had sprung to her feet as he spoke, was pale and rigid as the statue to whose pedestal she clung for support. The silence was at length broken by the viceroy's inquiring, "if his majesty wished to see the prince, who was confined in an apartment of the palace."

"Not now, not now—of course his guilt was clearly proved?"

"Beyond a doubt, sire; the fisherman's family are clamorous for justice, and by his own confession the blow was struck without a word passing on either side; had it not been for that, he would have escaped, for his page, the only witness to the transaction, suffered the torture for two hours, still resolutely refusing to say any thing which could criminate his master."

"How did he bear his sentence?"

"In a manner worthy his illustrious line. He said he would rather have met death on the battle-field, but come when it might, he was prepared to obey the summons; he seemed to think more of his attendant's sufferings than his own fate, as the boy had done all in his power to dissuade him from the act; he desired he should have free egress to him, whenever he wished, which was of course complied with."

"Enough, thanks for your kindness—but I would be alone."

"One word more, my liege, forgive me—but 'tis a message from the Prince of Butero. In short, it is in your power to save his highness."

"Father!" burst from the lips of Lorenza, in a tone so wild, so unearthly, that her hearers (who had almost forgotten her presence) started.

"Briefly then—if your majesty would graciously condescend to make the request, the prince's life would be spared, and his sentence commuted to perpetual banishment." These words were not pronounced without a considerable degree of hesitation, for the marquis, aware of Ferdinand's inflexibility where justice was concerned, felt convinced no application for a mitigation of punishment would be made by the king.

"Come hither, gentle maiden," said the latter, in a voice which, though tremulous at first, acquired firmness as he proceeded; "sit down by me, and command your feelings, whilst I inform your father what answer to return to the Prince of Butero. In the veins of that unfortunate boy flows the blood of a race, celebrated, not alone for the high station it has ever filled, but for honour, generosity, courage, and, above all, a sense of right; he, too, is my nearest of kin—bound to me by ties of the strongest affection—the offspring of my old age—the only child of my dead son. You are a parent, Henry di Miranda, and I bid thee search thine own heart, and by thy feelings for this sweet girl, judge what mine were when a hundred cannons proclaimed that, though the cold grave had closed over the father, he had still left me one to cherish and live for. All rejoiced at his birth; his mother smiled, for she had produced an heir to Sicily; whilst I, as I gazed on his infant features, nestling in that mother's bosom, man as I was, I shed tears, but they were tears of joy. Nor has my affection diminished; I loved him, was proud of him. Alas! too proud, and heaven has punished me; he must expiate his crime. Doubtless the murdered fisherman was dear to his relations, even as this wretched youth is to me; they shall have justice, and I must be resigned, though all I love will perish on the scaffold—and now leave me for a time. I have performed a painful duty, and must nerve myself for an interview with him."

Kissing the hand his sovereign presented, the marquis, after supporting his trembling daughter to her own apartment, proceeded, first, to do his errand to the Prince of Butero, and then to superintend the erection of the scaffolding, and other preparations for the execution, which was fixed for sunset the following day. In consideration of the high rank of the offender, it was allowed to take place within an enclosed court belonging to the palace, directly under the windows of the half-distracted Lorenza. It was in vain her father requested, nay commanded her to remove to some other part of the building; she was inflexible, and finding opposition only increased her grief, he at length ceased to remonstrate.

Few were the couches tenanted that night; at least, those belonging to the principal actors in this true history. By the prisoner, the first part was occupied in receiving the benedictions of his aged grandfather, and the latter, in endeavouring to soothe the frantic Bianca,

who, by some means or other, had contrived to obtain admission to his place of confinement, completely unmanned him by the violence of her sorrow, until Leonard, who sat by in broken-hearted silence, far more eloquent than words, was obliged to interfere, and insist upon her removal.

She was consigned to the charge of one of Lorenza's attendants; but the woman, whose straight-laced virtue had been outraged by the office imposed upon her, allowed her to escape from her custody, and as to finding her again, "when every one had so much to think and talk about, it was quite out of the question. Besides, her mistress *might* faint, and then she should be wanted—and then," &c., &c., &c., so she gave herself no further trouble about the matter, although her mistress did not faint, and her services were unrequired by any one.

"Am I not to see him? It wants but an hour to sunset, the last he will ever behold," exclaimed Lorenza di Miranda, as, pressing her hands on her throbbing temples, she started from her seat, and restlessly approached a window; it was the very same from which she had gazed, on the morning of the prince's first departure for Torre Zizza. The same fair expanse of wood and plain lay before her, bright and smiling as ever, for in that mild climate the trees are neither despoiled of their foliage, nor disfigured by the yellow and seared leaf of autumn, until a much later season of the year; she had then wept in the sorrow of a young heart, whose first and warmest wishes had been blighted. Now tears were welcome to her heated brain, even as the grateful shower to the parched earth; in spite of all she suffered, her perception was not, in the slightest degree, confused; on the contrary, her senses appeared painfully acute, and she gazed upon every minutia of the dreadful apparatus in the court-yard below, with a tenacity which she felt it impossible to resist.

"My master, madam, would see you instantly," was uttered at her elbow, in the low, sad tones of Leonard; and with an inclination of the head, she mechanically followed her guide to the door of the chamber which served as a prison to the unfortunate prince; making a sign for her to enter, he remained without; a minute, a brief minute—and she stood for the last time in the presence of the being to save whom her own life had been gladly given.

"This is kind, lady," he exclaimed, as he advanced eagerly to meet and lead her to the couch, from which he had just risen. "This is kind, very, very kind, but you know," he added, with a smile, "if I were to promise to be grateful as long as I lived, it would not be professing much. I have now parted with all I value in this world, except yourself and Leonard; indeed, it is on his account I wish to speak to you. The boy has no friend but me; will you take care of him when I am gone? My grandfather, of course, could provide for him, but he persists in looking upon all (who are any way connected with this unfortunate business) as little short of murderers; and I would soften his affliction, poor child, as much as I possibly can. You will be kind to him, lady, for his master's sake, until you learn to love him for his own?"

Lorenza bowed in token of acquiescence, but she dared not trust herself to answer.

"And now, lady, I have another request, one which, if my time were not too short to stand upon punctilios, I should not know how to prefer—Bianca! Ah, Lorenza! believe me, the recollection of my conduct to that unhappy girl, now constitutes my principal suffering. Swear to me, by all you hold sacred, never to desert or lose sight of her."

Solemnly and sincerely was the required pledge given; whilst Herman, as he gazed upon her sad, though beautiful countenance, could not help exclaiming:—"Noblest, most generous of women, how different were my fate had my feelings towards you been always such as they now are."

These words produced a magical effect: the warm blood thrilled in her veins, suffusing neck, cheek, and brow, with the deepest crimson. Their eyes met, she sank upon his bosom, and in the ecstasy of that moment, Bianca—the world—death itself—was forgotten. He held her in his arms, her heart beat against his, her breath played upon his cheek, yet although the pulsation of that heart became fainter and fainter, and the kisses which he imprinted on that soft cheek, and beautiful lips, were passionately received, it was some time before he became aware of her having fainted through excessive emotion. It was then that the recollection of his situation flashed across his mind, together with a feeling of bitterness towards its unfortunate cause. "Lorenza, beloved Lorenza," he wildly exclaimed, "Oh, look up, smile on me, speak to me, bless me before I leave you for ever!" At the conclusion of this speech, she slowly opened her eyes, with an air of bewilderment, which was quickly dissipated, as the deep, hollow tones of a muffled drum rolled through the apartment.

The effect was electric; with a wild cry, she threw her arms around him, regardless of the presence of Leonard, who had entered the chamber.

"They are come," he exclaimed, with a bitter smile, pointing to the door, "all is prepared, but I have outwitted them still,—wily as he is, John of Butero has found his match, my own dear lord," and the boy bent his knee. "Countless are the gifts, from the dawn of existence, which your bounty has lavished on me. Never, never, have I had it in my power to make you the slightest return; but see now what a rare present I bring my noble master—'tis all I had to give, but he will accept it." So saying he drew from his vest a small phial containing what appeared a few drops of water. "It is sure and speedy," he added, "they tell me, scarce painful too; I would fain have tried it myself, but there was not enough for both, and I must find some other means."

"Beloved boy!" exclaimed his lord, whilst a glance of triumph illumined his countenance; "bravely, nobly, have you performed your duty. One kiss, Lorenza—in another moment these lips will be tainted by the grave."

"Is there none for me, Herman?—may—"

"No, dearest," interrupted the prince, "you must live to perform your promise to that wretched girl—I could not die happy, were it otherwise."

A loud application for admission was heard, and before the page

could withdraw the bolt, Herman had swallowed the deadly draught. The scene which followed is too painful for description—suffice it to say, ten minutes had elapsed, and Lorenza continued standing, her eyes fixed vacantly, and in the very same attitude as when Leonard had forcibly separated her from his master. What causes her cheeks to flush? What brings animation once more to her glassy eye? A sound from without—a long-continued shout of gratulation seemed to rend the skies. Again and again was it heard; rushing to a balcony which commanded a view of the court, she at one glance comprehended the whole.

In the centre of a group, collected at the foot of the scaffold, stood the Prince of del Torre, whilst, kneeling at his feet, and although apparently exhausted, still tenaciously retaining her hold of a fierce-looking man in a fisherman's dress, was a girl, whom the instinctive nature which teaches a woman to feel the presence of her rival, pointed out as Bianca—her face was flushed with joy, but no corresponding expression appeared on that of Herman; he was ghastly pale, his limbs shook, his fine features were convulsed, the hand she held was cold and clammy; he heeded her, saw her not; his dim eyes turned upwards, a faint smile played round his lips—he breathed the name of Lorenza, fell back, and expired.

* * * * *

The gloom of autumn, and severity of winter, had passed away: it was a fair and balmy spring evening. The air, redolent with perfume borne from the gardens of Ildefonso, entered through an open casement facing the west, and fanned the pallid cheek of one who lay upon a couch, from which she was destined never to arise. The hands were thin and attenuated—the once full, rounded form, a mere shadow—whilst her long black hair fell in neglected masses over the wan features and snowy robes. Her blue eyes appeared larger and darker than before; but there was something not of this world in their expression; although the fire of madness had been quenched, it was evidently but to make way for the shadows of death; her first request, on the recovery of her senses, had been for a removal to the convent, as her father's stately halls renewed too keenly remembrances she felt it impossible to bear without relapsing into insanity.

"Are we alone—quite alone, Leonard?" she exclaimed, in a voice so faint, that the page was obliged to kneel by her side, in order to catch her words. "Come nearer, boy, and answer my questions, for I feel they must be answered now or never; that orb," pointing to the sinking luminary, "will never rise again for me—I dreamt of him last night—and at sunset I shall rejoin him—'tis not of him I would speak, I know all that—I think they said it drove me mad—but of her—where is she?"

"In her grave, dear lady," replied her companion; "she never spoke again. At first, we thought she had fainted—but it was not so: she was conscious to the last, and drop after drop of the bright blood rose to her white lips, until, at length, on their trying to remove her, she was deluged with it—and so died."

"Fortunate Bianca! Leonard, I have had a long dreadful vision; some would call it a disordered brain; but I tell you, boy, it was

reality ; his spirit has constantly hovered round me ; at first, I feared it was angry ; but I am happy now, for I am going to him. Leonard !” she exclaimed, suddenly grasping his arm, “ look ! look ! do you not see him ?—there, there, in the rays of the sun—it is just sinking behind the hill—he beckons, and I must not keep him waiting.” She stretched forth her hand, the boy seized it—an icy chill shot through his veins—Lorenza di Miranda was no more. G. M.

P.S. Perhaps it is necessary to say, this tale is founded on a recent event ; the scene has, however, been shifted, and the characters altered, for the sake of improving the story.

LONDON AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT IS TO BE.

Reports from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Metropolis Improvements ; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. 1836.

First Report from the Select Committee on Metropolis Improvements ; with an Appendix, 1838.

Second Report from the Select Committee on Metropolis Improvements ; with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, Index, and Plans, 1838.

(Concluded from page 382.)

THE improvement of the approaches to London is a point of high importance. Much will be done as regards the communication between the suburbs and the heart of the metropolis, by the carrying on of Farringdon Street, and several other plans suggested by the committees. But some of the principal approaches to London at present are by railroads, and the one by the railroad from Birmingham and Liverpool may now be almost considered as substituted for that by the common road from those towns through Islington. How far there is any probability of the project for running steam carriages on the turnpike road succeeding, and thus transferring back a large portion at least of the travelling to them, which has, for the present, migrated to the railroads, it is out of our province now to inquire. At any rate, there must be always considerable traffic of different kinds on our common roads, as well as a certain proportion of travelling to short stages and places to which the railroads do not run, sufficient to continue the necessity for the general improvement of the approaches to London through these by widening and straightening the thoroughfares, many parts of which now greatly need something of this nature. Should the project for running steam carriages on common roads prove successful (as it is the opinion of many eminent scientific men that it will be), the importance of amending the various entrances by common roads will be, of course, tenfold increased. At all events, as works of such great national importance, and as the railroads have been completed at such enormous cost, and which, whether or no the other project may succeed, must always command a large portion at least of the travelling communication to and from the metropolis, it is requisite that the approaches to their stations from the different points of the town should be rendered as convenient as possible, and be carried on as public undertakings, and which the proprietors of them could not, of course,

be expected to effect; but which the liberality that some of these companies—the London and Birmingham Railroad Company in particular—have displayed in rendering the entrance to their station an ornament, from the tasteful mode of its construction, as well as a public benefit, entitle them to have done in a like generous spirit. But, besides requiring the immediate approaches to the railroad stations to be improved, there is another consequence which has been produced by them, in transferring to streets which were formerly of little importance as thoroughfares, a large portion of the traffic to and from them, thereby also rendering the improvement of those a matter for public consideration.

But the great and radical improvement which we most ardently hope, and ere long, from its obvious desirableness and feasibility, confidently trust to see consummated, and at which we have already hinted, is the project for constructing quays and public walks on the banks of the Thames, similar to what we have described at Paris, and Frankfort, and Dublin, and which contribute so much to the advantage and beauty of those cities, as they would in a proportionable degree do to our own; a project which, as we before observed, was entertained by Sir Christopher Wren, and which the great mind of Napoleon, that had been exerted so successfully in the improvement of his capital, was also led to suggest. During his exile at St. Helena, he remarked, when speaking of London, that, “if he had been king of England, he would have made a grand street on each side of the Thames, and another from St. Paul’s to the river.” The latter of these is, as we have seen, among the improvements suggested by one of the Reports.

Without pretending here to point out any specific plan for this purpose, we would merely venture to submit that the construction of quays on each side of the Thames between Vauxhall and London Bridges, would be one of the greatest and most solid improvements of the metropolis that could be effected. Those quays might be built upon raised arches, so as not to interfere with the traffic now carried on by boats and small vessels on the banks of the river, while the spaces under the arches might be converted into warehouses. In Dublin, the banks of the Liffey, which are quayed in on each side, are not thereby rendered less commodious for the carrying on of traffic; and at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the quays bordering on the canals which intersect those towns, contribute at once to their commercial convenience and ornament. In Paris, the quays on the banks of the Seine not only form the favourite walks of the people, but greatly serve to prevent the river from being an hindrance to communication between the two parts of the city which it separates, affording as they do—and as would be also the case in our own metropolis, were the project under consideration adopted—the means of uninterrupted progress along its banks in any direction, and access therefore to the bridges from any point by the shortest possible road. But if, notwithstanding the arguments, supported by facts, which we have brought forward, it should still be contended that the banks of the Thames would be by the proposed plan rendered less fit for commerce, yet the lower parts below London Bridge would still remain as at pre-

sent, and indeed these alone can now be used for larger vessels which are unable to pass through the arches of London Bridge. Along these quays, as in those great cities alluded to, houses of the first quality might be erected, for which the situation would in all the most important respects—from its airiness and healthiness; from its quietude; from the great convenience of its position for travelling either by land or water; and from the extreme beauty of the spot, commanding the most extensive views of the metropolis, with all its magnificent buildings, and of the river—be the most eminently qualified. A sample of the prospect which would be obtained is afforded by that now presented of the metropolis and the river from Waterloo Bridge, which is doubtless of a very noble and enchanting description. The Thames flows here in a fine curve, and is lost in each direction under the arches of Blackfriars and Westminster. Somerset House, with a terrace before it, such as we hope to see general on the banks of the river, forms a magnificent architectural object immediately in front. St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are seen towering above the surrounding buildings: and numerous other public edifices, with churches and steeples, diversify the prospect. Indeed, so excellent would be this proposed site for building, that we cannot doubt but that the value of it, and of the houses erected there, would, in such case, far more than compensate for the expense of purchasing the property on the banks of the river, and erecting the quays and houses proposed; and, in time, be a lasting source of revenue to government, or any company which might be formed for pursuing so glorious and so beneficial a project. Both sides of the river would be alike commodious for this purpose. If the banks on the Middlesex side were deemed more convenient by some from their proximity to the seat of business, those on the Surrey side would be preferred by others on account of the view afforded from them of the metropolis and its buildings. The erection of houses of magnitude and beauty on the Surrey side, would be an important advantage as serving to hide the view of the mean and unsightly warehouses and small buildings which much disfigure the appearance of that part of the river, while the value of the land in that district must be at present but very trifling. How admirably adapted would the situation on the banks of the Thames be for public buildings and institutions, and for hotels, on account of their quietness and convenience for embarking from. The winding of the river would also afford a most beautiful opportunity for erecting crescents on its borders, and would serve to exhibit such to full advantage. The banks of the river formed into spacious terraces would be admirably suited for public walks. The establishment of a new thoroughfare to the city, without having to pass through the crowded avenues of the Strand, is a point of considerable importance to the commercial world, so great is the loss of time now occasioned for want of this, which would be at once remedied by the plan proposed; and in the evidence annexed to the Report of 1836, we find it actually suggested to construct a road from Waterloo Bridge to Blackfriars and Southwark Bridges (on the Surrey side) for this purpose, which would, in fact, be the foundation for such a plan as we have in view. But however chimerical the project for the improvement of the

banks of the Thames in the manner we propose may appear, in some few spots the experiment has actually been tried. The Temple Gardens and the terraces in front of Somerset House, and King's College and Whitehall, seem as though constructed on trial, and to prove the eligibility of the plan, and to show the advantages derivable from its adoption. It is only from the consideration of the prodigious contrast which the banks of the Thames would then exhibit to their mean and even loathsome appearance at present, that the design seems too great, too magnificent, to view as a reality.

The extent of the improvement which the adoption of these several plans would produce in the general condition of London, it is almost impossible too highly to estimate. As we have stated already, there requires but these to be judiciously carried into effect to enable London to vie in each particular, as it must now be admitted to do generally, with Paris, and the most renowned of her contemporaries.

Nearly all that public utility demands in the first instance, in lighting and paving the public streets, and in making drains, has been done in London, while, in this respect her great rivals, who have neglected utility for show, are far behind her. Her endowments are of a solid nature. What remains now to be effected is rather to ameliorate and reform than to create any thing new, or to provide for any actual deficiency.

With regard to our public buildings, our first object should be to restore those already erected, which by events and time have become honoured and endeared to us, and to clear away the rubbish which obscures them, and throw them open to the public so as to be seen to full advantage: this is of more consequence than the erection of new ones.

The value of public edifices is, to a great extent, actually dependent on their situation, and on their standing so as to be viewed to full effect. The importance of this is especially seen in Paris, where many buildings, inferior to ours in beauty and dimensions, nevertheless appear to much greater advantage from the excellence of their position, and the space allowed for observing them. How much would St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey be increased in value, as architectural adornments of London; how much nobler would they appear could they be viewed at proper distances, so as to allow all the stateliness of their proportions to appear at once, and the full grandeur of the whole to strike the eye in the same moment of time!

In the construction of new streets, care should of course be taken as to the uniformity of the building and style of architecture, as has indeed been done with regard to those more recently erected.

The advantages, in a commercial point, which will be gained by the adoption of many of the plans proposed, are various and extensive. One witness states, that some improvements of this nature are necessary to "put a stop to that sort of transfer which has been going on for some years of the trade out of the city of London, and which will continue to go on unless some such improvements are made," from the extreme difficulty of passing along the narrow and crowded streets.

"I have been of late a good deal at the west end of the town attending railroad bills, and have had to go from hence to 'Change; I have been an

hour, frequently, in going from hence to the 'Change in a hackney-coach; independent of those stoppages, I might have gone very well in five-and-twenty minutes."—*Report, 1836, Minutes of Evidence, p. 16.*

Another witness observes,—

"The tax or duty which would be necessary to improve the thoroughfares of London, would not be equal to the tax which people now endure from their loss of time.

"275. *Mr. Angerstein.*—Would you apply that to the population at large?—I apply it to every body; if men did not lose their time, they would have more time at their command."—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 28.*

Even in Sir C. Wren's day he considered it requisite that the principal streets should be ninety feet wide; others, sixty; and none less than thirty. In ours, when the rapidity of the vehicles which pass along the streets is so much greater, and the traffic has so increased, it is, of course, of far more consequence that the principal thoroughfares should be of a proper width; yet, from the continual encroachments that have been made, several of them, that part of the Strand, for instance, between St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand, are actually much narrower than they were.

As regards that most important consideration, the general promotion of the health of the metropolis, the improvements suggested will doubtless be productive of most essential benefit. Much will be done in this respect by widening the streets, and more especially by constructing new ones, leading from the river, such as those proposed from Blackfriars Bridge to St. Paul's, from Southwark Bridge to the Mansion House, and from Waterloo Bridge to Gower Street; by which currents of fresh air will be introduced into the heart of the metropolis. But, perhaps, the most important result, both as regards health and also in a moral view, may be anticipated from pulling down the number of small houses to make the proposed new streets, and which are now the resort of the most abandoned characters, and abound in wretchedness and filth; and from the proper cleansing and reparation of the sewers and drains, all which will be carried into effect in the execution of the improvements intended.

With respect to the latter of these, we are told by Mr. Mills, the chairman of the commission of sewers for the Holborn and Finsbury division, that, "the river Fleet runs through a part of the town which is inhabited by the lowest description of persons that can possibly be supposed, namely, Saffron Hill and Field Lane, and its neighbourhood; whence, I believe, (according to the statements of medical men), more patients are sent to the Fever Hospital than from any other part of London." It is, however, gratifying to learn, from the evidence of this witness, that the construction of the street contemplated, from Farringdon Street to Clerkenwell, will completely accomplish the remainder of the arching over of this very infectious and dangerous sewer, two thousand feet of which are now uncovered in a populous district.

Mr. Donaldson, the commissioner of sewers for Westminster and part of the county of Middlesex, states,—

"In the thickest part of St. Giles's, through which the new street is proposed to run, there are no sewers; there is also no sewer along Long Acre.

"293. What is the amount of population in the districts which have not the advantage of sewers?—I cannot tell the number.

"294. Is it 40,000?—More than that; I should think 80,000.

"295. Is it your opinion, in consequence of there being no sewers in that district, that fevers prevail more than they do in other districts?—It materially affects the health of the inhabitants, particularly in those parts where the Irish reside."—*Report*, 1836; *Minutes of Evidence*, p. 30.

The evidence goes on to state, that, in the parts immediately round Westminster and Tothill Fields, which from their lowness are very insufficiently relieved by sewers, the tide is liable to overflow to a great extent at times, and the sewer becomes a cesspool; that there is considerable alarm occasionally, owing to this, among the inhabitants of that spot; and that the houses are, in some instances, below the tide level.

We will not disgust our readers by extracting from the evidence the horrid and nauseating description which is given of certain of the houses in St. Giles's parish, in a district called the Rookery or Holy Land, and which are intended to be pulled down for forming the new street from Oxford Street to Plumtree Street: many of the buildings are in the last stage of ruin and decay. Some particulars regarding them it may, however, be desirable to mention.

"In some instances there are *fifteen inhabitants in one room, lodgers; in one corner of the room, lodgers; in another corner, another set of lodgers, and besides a separate set of lodgers in the centre of the room, all distinct* the inhabitants live in the greatest state of filth, poverty, and disease."—*Report*, 1836; *Minutes of Evidence*, p. 34, 35.

The evidence then goes on to detail the filthy state in which these houses were discovered to be: after which the following statements are given:—

"384. *Mr. Palmer.*—Are there any sewers there?—No, all land drainage.

"385. Would it be capable of having a sewer if the alteration took place?—Yes, decidedly; it being straggling, it appears to be a large district, which in fact it is not; *the district is in the very centre of London, and it borders on the principal streets leading from the east to the west end of the town, and it is the resort of thieves, prostitutes, and others of the most depraved characters, and forms a safe retreat even from the present police.*

"386. *Mr. Angerstein.*—Do you mean to say the present police do not visit that portion of the town?—They go there, but *they elude the police by going into the houses.*

"387. *Chairman.*—Where the police would not follow them?—*Where alone they dare not follow them: even in George Street, where there is a public station, it is not enough, for I have twice had my pocket picked close to the station; and even close to the police station, the police are obliged to walk about in coloured clothes to watch the pickpockets, who are chiefly children. No man, until he has visited the district, can form any conception of the horrid and filthy state of the interior of the houses, as well as of the streets themselves, there being no sewer to carry off the water and soil that is nightly thrown out.*

"390. Three other parishes abut close upon the above district, and six more come within the same radius with the extremity of

Bloomsbury; therefore *nine other parishes would be equally benefited as regards the improved salubrity of the air*: for, though no contagious disease has infected London for very many years, yet it cannot be concealed, that this great city can never be free from alarm while the above district, within its very centre, is permitted to remain By pulling down the aforesaid district, a great moral good will be achieved by compelling the above 5,000 wretched inhabitants to resort and disperse to various parts of the metropolis and its suburbs, where they would breathe in a purer air than by remaining and congregating in one huge filthy mass, *in rooms where light scarcely enters, and where the houses cannot be ventilated.*—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 35, 36.*

From other sources we learn that there is here a floating population of one thousand persons who have no fixed residence, and who hire their beds for the night, in houses fitted up for the purpose. Some of these houses have fifty beds each, if such a term can be applied to the wretched materials on which they sleep. The usual price is 6*d.* for a whole bed, or 4*d.* for half a one; and behind some of the houses there are cribs, littered with straw, where the wretched may sleep for 3*d.* In one of the houses seventeen persons have been found sleeping in the same room; and these consisting of men and their wives, single men, single women, and children. An anecdote is related of an alderman (not Alderman Wood) going in disguise to one of the beggar's suppers here, and being much alarmed at their ordering "an alderman in chains," until he learnt from the landlord that it was but another name for a turkey and sausages.

We have been induced to extract thus fully from the evidence accompanying these Reports, as, from their necessarily greater expense than the usual cost of such documents, owing to the number of well-executed plans appended to them, they may not obtain so general a circulation as others have done; and because we are desirous to impress, in the strongest manner, on the public generally, all of whom have a vital interest in this part of the subject, the paramount necessity of some ameliorating change being at once made with respect to this very horrid and appalling state of things. Fever and crime are now being engendered in the very heart of the metropolis. Our property, our health, our very lives are endangered. For this, however, it appears, that the carrying into effect the improvements proposed, so desirable in themselves, will be at once the sole and efficient remedy.

The evidence offered with regard to the condition of the houses in St. Giles's parish, is also applicable with respect to the state of those in various other parts of the metropolis. Where, for the proposed improvements, the whole of these houses will not be required to be pulled down, yet, as observed by Mr. Cotton, we must, in such cases, bear in mind "the great importance of opening a street through a district which at present contains only the very lowest orders of the people, and by which I expect great moral improvement will be effected by the introduction of a few respectable housekeepers."—*Report, 1836; Minutes of Evidence, p. 28.*

Similar observations he also makes with regard to the promotion of the health and moral character of the city, by the improvements proposed. The improvement of the banks of the river according to the plan which we have suggested, will be also of the highest importance

in this respect. With respect to the means for carrying the proposed projects into execution, it is gratifying to learn, from the same sources through which we became acquainted with their importance and necessity, that the feeling of the people of London is warmly manifested in their favour, many of the houses in those districts requiring to be pulled down for that purpose, being of the very worst kind, and the receptacle of filth, disease, and crime to an extent beyond what exists in any parts of the town, and which we accept as the best earnest for their being accomplished expeditiously and effectively.

Mr. Cotton, "the Chairman of the Committee for the building of London Bridge, and the improvements in the approaches thereto," and whose taste and judgment in these entitle him to the admiration and gratitude of all who are interested in works of this nature, bears honourable testimony to the zeal of the public with regard to the proposed improvements.

"Nothing is more growing than the feeling of the public for carrying those improvements into effect, and I am proud to say I hear it every day. It is the admiration of the public to see what improvements have been made in the city of London; and I hear them expressing hopes that there will be a great deal more done."—*Reports*, 1836; *Minutes of Evidence*, p. 14.

Mr. Waring, who resides in the parish of Bloomsbury, also states, with reference to the plans proposed for the construction of new streets in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, that there was a general feeling in favour of these improvements, "not only of the parish, but the vestry generally."

As we have already observed, concerning the expense of many of these improvements, the value of the houses to be built in the new streets proposed to be erected, will almost compensate for the expense of purchasing the dilapidated and badly-situated houses and buildings to be pulled down, which lie on the lines of those intended streets. This is fully borne out by the evidence given respecting the different plans proposed. When speaking of the intended improvements in the city of London, and at the East end of the metropolis, the following testimony regarding their expense is given by Mr. Cotton:—

"256. In the view you have taken of those improvements, have you considered how you could raise the fund to effect it?—This improvement would pass through a very poor neighbourhood, in which many of the houses are unoccupied, and where many of the houses have not paid rent for many years, and the improved value of the frontage would have been nearly sufficient to pay the expenditure."—*Report*, 1836; *Minutes of Evidence*, p. 27.

This is the general principle which may, in most cases, be applied with regard to the expense of the projected improvements in different parts of the metropolis, where the value of the frontage gained will contribute much to compensate for the destruction of buildings of an inferior description and secluded situation. Besides which, as remarked by a witness, in these cases "there will be no goodwill of trade to be bought," as in the purchase of shops or houses which are in the possession of a business, from their situation in a good thoroughfare.

In what manner the remainder of the money required for these improvements is to be raised; whether by a coal tax, by lotteries, or

how otherwise, it is without our province to inquire. With respect to lotteries, we cannot but think these objectionable, from the moral evil which, to a certain extent, they must almost inevitably produce. It is contended, by some of the witnesses, in their examination, that as much, or more harm is done by the illegal sale of tickets for foreign lotteries, than could result from them, if sanctioned by law, in this kingdom. This may be so. But what we would here object to, is the moral effect produced by laws which discourage private speculations of this kind, sanctioning them because resorted to for a public object: as though national gain were an all-sufficient apology for national gambling. It might be also urged to be peculiarly inconsistent, that such a means as this should be resorted to, to aid or carry into effect the plan here proposed, one great object and recommendation of which is the benefits to the people in a *moral* point, which are expected to result from it.

As the whole country, which we have endeavoured in the commencement of this article to show, is either directly or indirectly interested in the condition of London, so might the nation at large be called upon, with justice, in some way to contribute to its improvement, and thus would a national benefit be promoted at the national expense. The increased rapidity of communication and travelling to all parts of the country, and the construction of railroads, have not only greatly added to the number of visitors to London, and rendered its state therefore of more general importance, but have also increased the necessity for affording greater convenience, both for communication and traffic, between its different points.

Of the various public buildings which of late years have been erected in the metropolis, it is unnecessary that we should now speak at length. The club-houses must be considered by all as reflecting high credit on the taste and genius, both of those who designed them, and of those whose liberal spirit directed the plans for the construction of them, and rendered them the ornaments of those parts of the town in which they are placed. The new National Gallery, though commanding perhaps the noblest situation of any of our public edifices, and with a fine open space before it, whence it may be seen to the greatest advantage, cannot be considered of that high and noble character which the position and the object of the building—the temple of the art and genius of the nation—might have led us to hope. It is too small either to form an object of great magnificence, or even to answer all the purposes for which it was erected. The domes, especially that in the centre, which is too large by far for the building, and the effect of which is, that it causes it to appear lower than it actually is, have a most distasteful appearance, though the building, as a whole, with these exceptions, cannot be deemed to possess much beauty. As an object from Whitehall, at the points to which we have referred, it is seen to much advantage, and presents a very fine appearance.

While upon the subject of the National Gallery, we are reminded of the lamentable parsimony of our government, which led them to neglect the opportunity, never to be regained, and of which foreign potentates so gladly availed themselves, though not possessing our pecuniary means, of purchasing the splendid collection of original drawings, by

Raffael and Michael Angelo, and the most eminent of the ancient masters, which belonged to the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, and which would indeed have formed a noble foundation for a national collection of works of art. We might also suggest the great desirableness of securing for the national collection, to be deposited in this gallery, the copies of the cartoons, which were worked in tapestry for Henry the Eighth with admirable fidelity, soon after their completion, and which are now offered for sale, and were recently exhibited in the Haymarket. The original drawings, it was feared, though the expediency of placing them in the National Gallery was admitted, would be injured by the London smoke. How admirably adapted would these, which, from the nature of the substance in which they are worked, are liable to no such catastrophe, be to adorn the National Gallery—to be placed there as subjects for study and contemplation. How vast an addition would they form to the national collection, which boasts of the original drawings, and of the Elgin marbles. It should be borne in mind by those superficial economists who exclaim against every kind of expenditure indiscriminately, as alike useless and improper, that money applied in the purchase of works such as these, so far from being lost to the nation, is only transferred into another species of property, and may be again converted into money, should necessity require it; and the interest of which would be largely paid in the advantages derived from the contemplation of these works. Unlike those sums expended in useless extravagancies which never can be redeemed, and which, so far from benefiting the nation or improving the national mind, an object which every great and enlightened statesman will consider a point of the highest importance, and which the possession of works of art of the most exalted kind, such as these, is a most direct method to effect, have served only to disgust and demoralize it, and been the means of adding to the evil of extravagance (as if that was insufficient of itself), that almost equally dangerous and disastrous failing, the refusal or omission to expend money when really good and beneficent purposes require it. Of all the adornments which a great city can possess, there is none of a higher or more intellectual nature than a collection of works of art of the highest style; and there is nothing so likely to produce that refined and liberal feeling in the minds of the people which urges them to the improvement and decoration of their capital, as the habitual study and contemplation from having free access to works of high excellence in art.

In the construction of public edifices care should be taken both that they be useful as well as ornamental, and also that they be ornamental as well as useful. We fear, however, that in the one last referred to, neither the sacrifice of beauty has been productive of utility, as the smallness of the rooms is one of the heaviest complaints urged against the building; nor has the sacrifice of utility been in any greater degree productive of ornament. The appearance of having been built solely or chiefly for effect, will, in many cases, destroy even the effect so intended to be produced. This is apparent in some of the public buildings in Paris, and also in Edinburgh. The general feature, both of the principal edifices and streets in London, which, without putting forth any superior pretensions to beauty or ornament, appear to have

utility and convenience for their principal object, gives to this city a character of solidity and dignity, in which those beautiful, and in many respects, tasteful ones, are much wanting.

The erection of new Houses of Parliament, which, from the important nature of the building, must necessarily form one of the principal architectural ornaments of the metropolis, is an event of the greatest interest to all who are concerned in the subject of the present article ; and about which, from the beauty of the designs exhibited by, and the known taste and genius of Mr. Barry, the highest expectations are formed. The site has been objected to by some, as ill-chosen, from being near the banks of the river, which it is asserted is an unhealthy spot, and one where such a building could not be viewed to advantage ; and it is urged that the present situation is remote from the residences of a great portion of the members, and that a more central spot would be desirable. We are, however, disposed to concur with the committee and Mr. Barry, in the view which they have taken of the subject, and to consider the site chosen as the most proper that could be selected. The banks of the river, so far from being unhealthy, are by many deemed the most salubrious parts of the metropolis, from the constant currents of fresh air occasioned by the tide. No situation is so favourable for the site of a grand building as the bank of a large river, whereby a degree of space is insured for viewing it with proper effect ; and should it be urged that at present there are no eligible spots on either bank of the river for this purpose, we adduce this as an additional argument in support of the project which we have suggested for improving them. If the present situation be objected to, as it has been, as too remote from the residences of many of the members, it is obvious that it is their own fault for choosing their places of abode so far from it ; whereas, it would be a real hardship upon those members who have purposely fixed their residences near, to have it removed to a remote distance from them. The present building* is also in the immediate vicinity of the Treasury, the Law Courts, and the official residences of ministers, which is, at least, a matter of great convenience regarding it. We doubt not but that there are "Honourable Members," who would value more highly the proximity of the club-houses than of these, had they the choice in the selection of the site. We must also confess, that we have a kind of prejudice in favour of a spot, which has so long been the place of assemblage of our senators ; which is so associated with our history during so many ages ; where our great constitutional battles have been so often fought ; where so many of our noblest characters have gained their reputation : and in the immediate vicinity of which their ashes repose.

The re-erection of the Royal Exchange, which is another national building, and which, in a commercial nation, must be peculiarly regarded as one of high importance, will afford an opportunity of adding to the architectural ornaments of the city, which, from their zeal to promote the improvements proposed, and the spirit and taste with which they have carried on those recently effected in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, we doubt not will be liberally availed of. In the first report of the Committee, made in 1838, on *Metropolis Improvements*, this

forms the principal part of the subject. With regard to the situation, the Committee expressed themselves—

“Fully satisfied by the uniform testimony of all persons consulted upon the subject, that the site of the late building is the best adapted for its purpose in respect of locality, and that no other spot could be chosen for the rebuilding of the Royal Exchange without creating much inconvenience and dissatisfaction. But on the other hand it appeared that some alterations in the shape and dimensions of the ground occupied by the late building would be required, as well for the improvement of the street between the Royal Exchange and the Bank, as for the enlargement of the building itself.”—*First Report, 1838, p. 4.*

The rebuilding of, or giving a new front to, the British Museum, which is a national institution of high rank, has also been proposed. However commodious it may be as a receptacle for the treasures it contains, yet surely it would be more becoming the dignity and liberality of the nation, and afford but a just testimony to the value set by it on intellectual pursuits, if the present edifice were to be pulled down, and one erected of a more suitable character; or, at all events, that now standing rendered less unsightly than it is.

There is another point of great importance which we cannot pass over, and which we must here submit to the consideration of all those who are interested in the preservation of our public buildings, or indeed in their own comfort, which is the necessity of some law compelling the proprietors of manufactories to consume their own smoke. In this age of scientific advancement such is attained without difficulty or expense; while the volumes that are emitted from the various laboratories have the most injurious effect in discolouring our public buildings, and in thickening the air so as to obscure a distant view of them. At the present time, when several grand edifices are in progress, and so many new streets in contemplation, this measure becomes one of really great consequence, and without which many of the improvements proposed will be much deteriorated in their beauty and effect.

Some have proposed, with a view to the preservation of our public edifices, and to prevent them from falling to decay, or being spoiled by buildings erected against them, or so near as to destroy their effect, that a curator should be appointed, whose duty it would be to survey them, and to report, from time to time, any such dilapidations. Much would doubtless be gained by having some one person who permanently held the appointment, and who would be responsible for the due execution of it, to act in these matters, which, from the office, which now principally devolves, we believe, upon the commissioners of woods and forests, continually changing, and not being the sole duty of any one, is, of course, liable to neglect. The saving that would be effected by this means in the expenditure necessary for improvements in consequence of preventing these encroachments upon public property, and preserving with care what had been erected at so great cost, would doubtless be ample to provide emolument for an efficient officer for this duty.*

* A suggestion was made by Sir Robert Peel, in 1837, to appoint a standing commission of three or five members, whose duty it would be to watch over the improvements of the metropolis; and whose powers would be similar to those of the Dublin wide-street commission.

Having thus fully set forth the several plans for the improvement of the metropolis as regards its public buildings, the amelioration of its streets, its general convenience, and the health and moral condition of its inhabitants; considerations, as we have endeavoured to prove, each of them largely affecting the interest of every individual, we cannot persuade ourselves to bring this article to a close without once more endeavouring to impress upon our readers the great importance of carrying these measures into effect. How much our grandeur as a nation, and our dignity in the eyes of foreigners, are concerned in this, we need not again repeat. In the remotest parts of the kingdom, the improved carrying on of commerce within its walls, by the increased facility of communication between different points in the metropolis, will be at once experienced. Accidents will be diminished by amending narrow and dangerous thoroughfares, and sickness much prevented by clearing away unwholesome and noxious dwellings, the receptacles also of the worst species of crime and immorality. Risk of property will be considerably less, as the chances of fire outbreaking will be diminished by the decrease of those old and ill-constructed buildings in which it chiefly originated, and which, from the materials they were constructed of, when once inflamed, were so difficult to quench. Indeed every thing that concerns us as a great, and powerful, and moral people, to regard and to promote, will be advanced by this means, and in a manner the most direct and effectual.

These projected improvements, when thus viewed together, doubtless appear gigantic and astonishing! Most important, however, as we trust we have demonstrated, must such a measure be considered. If the plans seem impracticable from the vastness of the undertaking proposed, so do those improvements in various parts of the metropolis also appear vast, which within these last few years have been actually effected. In operations such as these should the industry of the people be employed in time of peace, and their forces should now be directed, not to the spread of ruin and desolation, but to the advancement of civilization, and the promotion of the glory and happiness of the country to which they belong. Capital thus expended, instead of being carried abroad, and squandered in useless or barren enterprises, which, after much loss of life, end where they began, not only ameliorates the condition of all classes of our countrymen through which it circulates, and who in some way or other obtain a share in its distribution, but is made to revert in a direct manner to the national wealth, by the benefit which it is the means of conferring on the nation from its application in this manner.

Amidst the dazzling splendour of the conquests which he achieved, it was the great object and care of Napoleon to consummate the measure of his glory, and to extend its popularity and influence among his subjects, by the improvement and adornment of his metropolis. While his victories have been outdone—his institutions annihilated—his empire has passed away—and he himself has died a captive; yet this monument of his power still remains unshaken, and of all his mighty achievements is that which most contributes now to proclaim what his greatness once was, and which will ever remain as an imperishable record of his dominion.

At the commencement of the reign of the present sovereign of Great Britain, whose power is founded, not on usurpation and bloodshed, but on legitimacy and the affections of her subjects, and on whom the genial rays of prosperity and peace are smiling, affording the most glorious opportunities for the exercise of the virtues of peace, how greatly to her honour would measures so becoming her sex, as the improvement and adornment of her capital, be regarded. It would seem as though, while the manly exercise of arms, in which the nation was to reap the highest martial glory, was appointed for her predecessors—for her it was reserved to be distinguished by the exercise of the arts of peace, which, though more congenial to her sex and disposition, may contribute in no less a degree both to the prosperity and the glory of her reign.

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 11.—*Tourkamanchy.*

I WAS much interested by my short stay at this village, since it was here that the treaty of peace was signed between Persia and Russia, in 1828. My companion was present at the time in the suite of the late British Envoy, who was the principal means of bringing it about, as deputed by Abbas Mirza. Our Ketkodeli was very loquacious and entertaining on the subject, whose house the Russians had occupied some ten or twelve days. My companion took the Colonel's place, and I took the nummed of the General-in-Chief, Paskewitch, (Count d'Erwansky). It was with considerable difficulty that the affairs were adjusted, which were to restore perfect amity and everlasting friendship, to be broken only at the first convenience, between the "Padi Shah of all the Russias," and the "Cousin of the Sun and Moon." More than once did the General rise from his seat, and declare that he would go on to Tehran, to which there could have been no opposition offered, but by the Colonel's "head of prudence he was guided to the line of moderation;" and after long and tedious negotiations, precisely at twelve o'clock at night did the cannon "bruit it to the heavens" that peace was re-established between the two ever-enduring empires of Persia and Russia. Then the rejoicings, the embracings, powder and shot exchanged for "Pilau and Champagne;" and the sturdy combatants, ready before to draw the sword of contention, were now seen together smoking the pipe of friendship! Our venerable host, with his long white beard, was fast declining into his native dust; asthma had seized him, and his bellows were leaking at every pore. The very temperate habits of the Persian peasantry, to whom "alcohol" is unknown, leads them on through a long vale of time. There is scarcely one in a hundred amongst them who know their age, where there are no registries of births, either public or private. I have often asked them the question, and they will range sometimes from seventy to a hundred years. He seemed to feel the pride of having assisted at these negotiations. "Mashallah," said he,

with all the importance of having witnessed it. He was full of anecdotes respecting the Russians, and spoke as loudly as he could of their liberality, which I will do them the justice to say I find to be their invariable character wherever I go, with friend or foe, in all countries. They are not only just in their monetary transactions, but highly *liberal*. I have heard this both on the continent and in the east. I will not now glance at this treaty; but whilst I am on the subject of the Russian invasion, I will come out of "our village" for a moment, to state that the entrance of the invading army into Tabreez caused very little sensation amongst the inhabitants of that city, who continued their quiet round of life as composedly as ever. The General-in-chief, Paskewitch, took up his residence in the Prince's palace; the troops were encamped outside the town, about 14,000 men in all, with an immense park of artillery of more than a hundred guns; and they remained under canvass during the inclemency of the winter, which was very severe. The greatest order prevailed, for an invading army; the Persians made no complaint of injustice or aggression, but many private assassinations of the Russians took place, which were most assiduously concealed. This proves that amongst the lower orders, their external courtesy with the invaders was more a matter of policy than of choice. The British Elchee was not at Tabreez when the Russians entered the city, but the General Paskewitch immediately paid his respects to this lady, and sent a guard of honour to her residence. The officers mixed amongst their new friends, the British, with the utmost cordiality. It looked more like a visit of courtesy, than a visit of war. Parties were formed every evening, and it proved the gayest season ever known at Tabreez amongst the English residents.*

Passing the day in "our village," at lazy length, with the inexhaustible "Tchibook," quarrelling with the dogs, or visiting the natives, it is sometimes rather difficult to "feather the wings of time." What a plague are these said dogs to Persian travel; their number, their unappeasable ferocity, their canine jealousy at the sight of a "Ferengy" stranger! On moving off one's carpet, the first question always is, "Where are the dogs?" then, whip in hand, you must battle through them every inch of ground. In the large towns they herd together in parties, on the walls, at the gates, and other prominent stations, perhaps forty or fifty in a herd, headed by a small cur; when he begins, then the herd take the alarm to pursue any stranger, man or dog, for they never allow the intrusion of a member of any other herd. They are so far useful as scavengers, but a great annoyance to travellers; the Mahomedans have a prejudice in their favour, I don't know what; you dare not kill a dog. If there be any complaint, it must be made to the

* I will give an extract from the Petersburg Gazette respecting this visit: "The strong city of Tauris was taken, after an obstinate defence, but nothing could impede the ardour of his Imperial Majesty's troops, who took numerous stands of colours, and the governor at length presented the general with the keys of the city." *The colours were manufactured in the bazaars* some time after the arrival of the Russians at Tabreez, and well perforated with bullet-holes. The keys were made by the chief of the arsenal, from whom I had the anecdote, with orders that they might look as old as possible. They were fifteen in number, although there are only eight gates; and the colours I saw at the arsenal in the Kremlin at Moscow, particularly pointed out as taken by the Count d'Erwansky at the siege of Tauris.

"Beglerbegy," or mayor of the town, and he receives it with as much formality as against any other inhabitant. Emerging from "our village" at break of day on the high road to Tehran, I found it more interesting than some other branches of it, and dissimilar from that monotony so generally pervading Persian travel. The passes were rugged, the rivers deep, which offer some dangers where bridges are so scarce and so imperfect. Plunging into one of them rather hastily, my horse lost his footing, and was fast carried off by the stream, and being driven on a sand-bank, had a hard struggle to gain the opposite side. There being always some difficulty with the baggage-horses, crossing the rivers becomes a scene of some interest, as these streams sometimes contain the most treacherous whirlpools, swallowing up man and beast, of which Sir John Malcolm gives a striking anecdote in his history. From thence we got into a most difficult ravine, the ups and downs of which made the horses snort, and where we lost our way in the wilderness. At length we emerged into a Courdish village, in which we could scarcely obtain the hospitality of *water*; for these people are but little removed above the flocks and herds they live amongst, and one feels degraded to see human beings reduced to any thing so low in the scale of creation: they merely vegetate on the soil which feeds them, their dens sometimes disturbed by the cattle, and they lie down together amidst the mutual dung and rubbish. I always prefer the cattle apartment where there is a distinction, and have often enjoyed the warm shelter of a stable, sleeping luxuriously on the hard ground, my horse snorting over me. There is some luxury in this ease and aboriginal mode, of which we get plenty in Persian travel.

We then paid a visit to the Khan's village of "Sheik der Abaud;" the "Ketkodeh," with numerous villagers, some on horse, some on ass-back, according to their means, coming out to meet him; and the respectful homage with which he was conducted to his tent, with their "Kush amadeed," or welcome; the impatient haste of the Rayahs, as they thronged around the Khan's horse, their noisy vociferations through the village, "the Khan is come:" made it a most amusing scene. I took all this for attachment to the Khan's government, which had been renowned for clemency and liberality—so much so, that many new settlers came to sit under the protecting shadow of his countenance. Then began the "Chumy Chum," or compliments, quite a shower of them. The Khan seeing the flourishing state of the village, "Your face is whitened," said he to the "Ketkodeh," to which he replied, "May your condescension never be less." "If I have any salt, 'tis the salt of the Khan; all I have is his." He is then permitted to sit at the end of the nummed, and the pipe of condescension is offered to him from the Khan's mouth; this is the highest proof of favour. I was exceedingly amused at witnessing these proceedings. As the gapesters stood around, whilst the Khan held his village parliament, their sundry griefs and wants were enumerated, sometimes with noisy clamour. One fellow was particularly vociferous with his sufferings—I fancy he had been ill-used, from the many attempts to put him down; and the parliamentary usage of "Spoke," not being sufficient. "Stop his mouth," said the Khan; with that the "Farosh" hit him such a blow with a stick as silenced him at once, and cut

short the thread of his discourse, and as I imagined with some damage to his future eloquence, since he must have swallowed some of his teeth. The Ketkodeh then made a report of his administration; the levies of corn, of rice, and other produce for the Khan's use; that so many new subjects had been born to him; so many arrived; and the thousand and one incidents of a Persian village were most eloquently detailed. No one now ventured to interrupt him; the stick had not been forgotten, and I query if there could be better *order* even in a *reformed* House of St. Stephen's. He then recapitulated the wants of the villagers; amongst others a "Hummum," or bath, was asked for, and immediately granted—"Barikallah," said the gapesters, "may your bounty never be less," and many other demands summarily given into. The bounteous Khan was now appealed to by the "Moolah," who wanted a new mosque to be built for the followers of Ali. As I sat on my nummed of novelty, and smoked my pipe of meditation, I began to think that here the Khan's liberality would be stayed (seeing that he was not a Mahomedan, but an "Isauvi," or Christian). To my great astonishment, this was also granted. "What!" said I to the Khan, with indignant surprise; "you going to raise a temple to the worship of the impostor?" He laughed, "Not a bit of it," said he, "I neither intend it, nor do they expect it." So here was Persian legislation—no one deceived but myself. They had been bandying about compliments, promises, and thanks, for an hour or so, without any meaning beyond that of "Persian courtesies," which, to use a homely phrase, are as "plenty as blackberries." The debates no longer became interesting to me; I immediately rose, and the Khan followed, surrounded by his numerous vassals, all lauding him with their "May the Khan's shadow increase, and his bounty grow," and finally the "Khoda hafiz shuma," "may God take you into his holy protection." The Parliament was broken up and the House prorogued "*sine die*." The Persians are very polite, certainly, which it must be admitted is an agreeable concomitant of character. As to trusting them!—but I have done; though I should not omit saying that the Khan's obedient subjects were so captivated with his robes, that the same night they plundered the tent of almost every thing it possessed, whilst we were sleeping in it. Of course every inquiry was instituted, the bastinado threatened, but no delinquent could be found. The general custom is to begin with the "Ketkodeh," who is soon degraded from his high station to the "felek,"* and so on through the village, until he is discovered. But the Khan was afraid to proceed to such extremities, either dreading an "emute," or that it would be somewhat inconsistent with his late parliamentary courtesies. Luckily for me, my things escaped, or they would have *told* amongst the "Sheik der Abaudies," there being a marked difference between their "Shelwars" and my tights. Suffice it that the robbers never were found out; they put it upon the "Shegaussees," or wandering tribes, who, they said, had been prowling about our tent, though no

* This is a mode of punishment peculiar, I believe, to Persia. A long pole is held up by two men, having a noose in the middle of it, through which the feet of the culprit are passed, whilst two others strike upon them according to the sentence of so many sticks.

one saw them. I imagined that the Khan having promised so liberally, they doubted his sincerity, and therefore helped themselves to what they could find—a genuine specimen, this, of Persian character—they do not even believe themselves—how can they believe each other? They say “Falsehood mixed with good intentions, is preferable to truth tending to excite strife.” “Let us be off,” said I to the Khan, almost dreading that they may dispute with us even our “personals.” He laughed at my ignorance of the Persian customs, boasted of his subjects, and proceeded to legislate on the affairs of the village. Whilst he was thus occupied some eight or ten days, I strolled about on horseback into some of those pretty nooks and recesses with which the neighbourhood abounded; amongst others, was the “Baugy Zardaloo,” or apricot garden, literally so, since it was planted with these trees exclusively, forming a beautiful umbrageous retreat. The origin of this place was rather interesting. A house, now in ruins, had been built some twenty years before by order of the Prince for the accommodation of Mr. Williamson, an Englishman, who had come to Persia to superintend the working of the extensive copper mines supposed to exist in this district of “Sheik der Abaud.” Here I found the remains of furnaces, with other fragments of mining operations; these mines form quite a history in this country. It is singular, and perhaps almost peculiar to the Persian soil, that the finest promises end in empty nothings. I speak of *natural* deceptions, not *personal* ones. I had been already taken in by the “Subah Kauzib,” or “the false dawn;” likewise by the “Sahrah” or “mirage,” which, to a thirsty traveller, I found to be the most tantalizing. But now I had to be taken in by finding native copper on the surface, whilst the bowels were empty veins of ore, leading to threads, and then lost, no one could tell where; there was just enough to keep up the deception for a time, and then “Persian like,” they would only mock your expectations. Digging and digging, “now we have it,” said M——; “here is a vein inexhaustible:” and after much toil it totally disappeared. “These sons of burnt fathers,” said he, “these Ghoraumsangs,” “scoundrels,” “they have stolen the copper vein.” They had actually stolen a quantity of copper ore that had been accumulated, which we never could detect, nor imagine what they could have done with it; but the vein I never did suspect them of. I had much experience in this village, and began to like my domicile amongst the villagers; even the dogs became civil, and there is a sort of charm about Persian servants, I mean the way in which they serve you, although you know you cannot trust them. I was plundered by them several times, but what of that? They are always ready with their prompt attention, waiting on your looks, almost anticipating your wants; and then their agreeable “Belli Sabib,” to any thing you may ask, right or wrong. And how agreeable in the morning, on opening your eyes, to find him waiting with the “Tchibook” ready lit, and the excellent cup of coffee. How many a cloud have I whiffed from my pillow, which I deem the “Persian Elysium.” And there is another advantage—if you are in a bad humour, in order to get out of it you may cuff them about like a parcel of foot-balls; they spring up again with their “Belli Sabib,” not at all offended. They have a

curious custom in this country of endeavouring to find out a thief. They prepare the "Hak-reezi," which is a heap of earth in a dark place, through which the servants are to pass—in at one door, out at the other. It would be rather uncivil to suspect any one in particular; so to avoid personalities, you request the thief to drop the stolen articles in the earth, and nothing more will be said about it. I tried the experiment, but without success. The first word I learnt in Persia was "Peiscuish," or "Present," and they wormed many a coin out of me in spite of myself.

No. 12.—Henry Martin.

Of this distinguished missionary and champion of the cross, who fearlessly unfolded his banner and proclaimed Christ amongst the bigotted Mahomedans, I have heard much in these countries, having made acquaintance with some persons who knew him, and saw (if I may so say) the last of him. At the General's table at Arz-room (Paske-witch), the Count d'Erwansky, I had the honour to meet graffs and princes, consisting of Russians, Georgians, Circassians, Germans, Spaniards, and Persians, all glittering in their stars and orders, such a "melange" as is scarcely to be found again under one banner—looking more like a monarch's levy than any thing else—my neighbour was an Armenian bishop, who, with his long flowing hair and beard, and austere habits, the cross being suspended to his girdle, presented a great contrast to the military chiefs.* He addressed me in my native tongue very tolerably, asking if I had known any thing of the missionary, Martin—the name was magic to my ear, and immediately our colloquy began, to me of great interest. The bishop was the Serrafino of whom Martin speaks in his journal, p. 454, I happening, at the time, to have it with me. He was very superior to the general caste of the Armenian clergy, having been educated at Rome, and had attained many European languages. He made Martin's acquaintance at "Etchmiazin," the Armenian Monastery at Erivan, where he had gone to pay a visit to the Archimandrite, or chief of that people, and remained three days to recruit his exhausted nature. He described him to me as being of a very delicate frame, thin, and not quite of the middle stature, with a countenance beaming with so much benignity as to bespeak an errand of Divine love.

Of the affairs of the world he seemed to be so ignorant, that Serrafino was obliged to manage for him respecting his travelling arrangements, money matters, &c. Of the latter he had a good deal with him when he left the monastery, and seemed to be careless and even profuse in his expenditure. He was strongly recommended to postpone his journey, but from his extreme impatience to return to England, these remonstrances were unavailing—a Tartar was employed to conduct him to Tocat—Serrafino accompanied him for an hour or two on the way with considerable apprehensions, as he told me, of his ever arriving in his native country. He was greatly surprised, he said, not only to find in him all the ornaments of a refined education, but that he was so eminent a Christian, "since all the English I have hitherto

* There were many other priests at the table, of whom he was the chief.

met with, not only make no profession of religion, but live seemingly in contempt of it." I endeavoured to convince him, that his impression of the English character was in this respect erroneous; that although a Martin on the Asiatic soil might be deemed a phoenix, yet many such existed in that country which gave him birth; and I witnessed to him that Christian philanthropy of my countrymen, which induced them to search the earth's boundaries to extend their faith. I told him of our immense voluntary taxation to aid the missionaries in that object, of the numerous Christian associations to whom the world was scarcely large enough to expend themselves upon. He listened with great attention, and then threw in the compliment, "You English are very difficult to become acquainted with, but when once we know you, we can depend on you." He complained of some part of Martin's journal referring to himself, respecting his then idea of retiring to India to write and print some works in the Armenian language, tending to enlighten that people with regard to religion. He said, that what followed of the errors and superstitions of the Armenian church, should not have been inserted in the book, nor did he think it would be found in Martin's journal. His complaint rested much on the compilers of the work in this respect, saying, that these opinions were not exactly so expressed, and certainly they were not to come before the public, whereby they might ultimately be turned against himself. At Arz-room, on my way to Persia, I had met with an Italian doctor, then in the Pasha's employ, from whom I heard many interesting particulars respecting Martin; he was at Tocat at the time of our countryman's arrival and death, which was occasioned, whether by the plague, or from excessive fatigue by the brutal treatment of the Tartar, this he could not determine. His remains were decently interred in the Armenian burying ground, and for a time the circumstance was forgotten. Some years afterwards, a gentleman, at the request of the British ambassador in Constantinople, had a commemorative stone erected to his memory, and application was made to the Armenian bishop to seek the grave for that purpose.

He seemed to have forgotten altogether such an occurrence, but referring to some memorandum which he had made of so remarkable a case as that of interring a "Ferengy" stranger, he was enabled to trace the humble tablet with which he had distinguished it. 'Tis now ornamented with a white slab, inscribing merely the name, age, and time of death of the deceased.*

I had many a reminiscence of Martin, at "Marand" particularly; I quitted it at midnight, just at the time, and under the circumstances which he describes. "It was a most mild and delightful night, and the

* On my return to Arz-room, two years afterwards, I learnt of the tragical end of the Italian doctor, who was sacrificed to Mahomedan vengeance. As the Russians were approaching the town, he happened to be the only European remaining there; and being in the Pasha's service, he deemed it to be ample protection; however, he became alarmed at the feverish state of the town, and sent on his wife and family to Tocat, intending to join them there. Not half an hour elapsed before he was stopped by the Turks and shot at; they then took him to one of the mosques, and hacked the body into morsels with merciless barbarity; no motive could be assigned beyond that of an ebullition of savage feeling at Russian invasion.

pure air, after the smell of the stable, was reviving." I was equally solitary with himself. I had attached great interest to my resting-place, believing it to have been the same on which Martin had reposed, from his own description, as it was the usual reception for travellers, the "Manzil" or post-house. Here I found myself almost alone, as with "Aliverdy," my guide, not three words of understanding existed between us; he says, "they stared at my European dress, but no disrespect was shown;" exactly so with me: the gapesters stood around questioning my attendant, who was showing me off, I know not how. His description of the stable was precisely what I found it; thus—"I was shown into the stable, where there was a little place partitioned off, but so as to admit a view of the horses."

He was "dispirited and melancholy." I was not a little touched with this in my solitariness, and sensibly felt with the poet:—

"Thou dost not know, how sad it is to stray
Amid a foreign land, thyself unknown,
And when o'erwearied with the toilsome day,
To rest at eve and feel thyself alone."

At Khoie, on my return, I witnessed the Persian ceremony related by Martin in his journal of the death of Imam Hussein—the anniversary of which is so religiously observed in that country. At Tabreez I heard much of *him* who was

"——— Faithful found

Among the faithless—faithful only he,
Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,
His loyalty he kept—his zeal—his love."

I scarcely remember so bright an ornament to the Christian profession, on heathen land, as this hero of the cross, who was "patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope;" and I heard him thus spoken of by those who could estimate the *man*, and perhaps not appreciate the *missionary*. "If ever there was a saint on earth, it was Martin; and if there be now an angel in heaven, it is Martin." Amidst the contumely of the bigotted Musselmans, he had much to bear, as to the natural man, amongst whom he was called an "Isaui," (the term given to Christians). His translation of the Scriptures did, at length, find royal protection in Persia, as by the following Firman:—

"In the name of God, whose glory is over all! It is our high will, that our dear friend, the worthy and respectable Sir Gore Ousley, envoy extraordinary from his Majesty the King of Great Britain, be informed that the book of the Gospel, translated into the Persian tongue by the labours of Henry Martin, of blessed memory, which has been presented to us in the name of the learned, worthy, and enlightened society of Christians, who have united for the purpose of spreading the divine books of the teacher Jesus; to whose name, as to that of all the prophets, be ascribed honour and blessing, has been received by us, and merits our high acknowledgment. For many years the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were known in Persia; but now the whole of the New Testament is completely translated, which event is a new source of satisfaction to our enlightened mind. With the grace of God, the merciful, we will direct those of our servants who are admitted into our presence to read the

said writings from beginning to end before us, that we may listen to their sentiments respecting the same. Inform the members of the above enlightened society, that they receive, as they merit, our thanks.

“ Given at Reke, in the year of the Hegira, 1229.

“ FUTTEE ALI SHAH.”

Thus much for the royal courtesy ; but I will venture to say, that “ the enlightened mind ” was never once illuminated by hearing read the translations alluded to ; he and his courtiers would rather spit upon them, than admit our Scriptures within the “ Dur Kaneh,” or “ palace gate.” I have had proof of this in a German missionary, who, with much toil and bribery, smuggled some translations amongst them ; on his quitting Persia, they contemptuously tore them up in his presence, and trampled them in the dirt. I know of no people where, to all human calculation, so little prospect opens of planting the cross. The Moolahs are, by no means, averse to religious discussion, and still remember the “ enlightened infidel,” as Martin was called ; but so bigotted are these benighted Mahomedans, and show so much zeal, as I shall shortly relate, at their “ Ramazan,”—that they scorn us, and, I may say, they shame us. ’Tis interesting, when looking at those dark regions, to inquire, when shall the cross triumph over the crescent, when shall the riches and power of the Gospel spread over their soil, root up the weeds of error, and produce the fruits of righteousness ? Since the days of Martin, no effort has been made by the Missionary Society to turn the tide of Christian philanthropy towards this country ; but I would say, ’spite of the discouragements, send your missionaries to this stronghold of Mahomet ; here plant your standard of redeeming love to the wretched devotee of the impostor. To the sometime worshipper of the sun, hang out the banner of the Son of Righteousness ; kindle in his bosom the flame of Divine truth, that the Holy Spirit, of which his former God was the emblem, might enlighten and guide him into the fold of Christ.

No. 13.—*The “ Imaret Khorseed.”*

It was deemed a wonderful favour to be allowed to see this “ Palace of the Sun,” of which, with its numerous groves and fountains, flowers and shrubs, I had heard quite an oriental description, which had tickled the imagination and opened the door of curiosity. The buildings stood in different detached courts, and were all of mud, having the usual flat roof. The first hall, into which I was introduced by one of the court Khans, (whose name I forget,) was the throne-room, from which his Majesty occasionally “ sheds the light of his countenance on the dust of the earth.” It was large and lofty, having recesses at each end ; on the walls of which were some displays of the Persian arts, in the way of painting ; one of them was a battle-piece, the subject of which I could not learn. His Majesty was the most conspicuous figure in it, carrying all before him. In the galleries I noticed some figures of “ Ferengy” males and females—I was told of the earliest British envoys to Persia. The walls were lined with marble and arabesque ornaments curiously inlaid ; the ceiling partook of the same taste, all glittering with Asiatic finery. The front was open, and

supported by two columns of black marble, about thirty feet high, in solid pieces, with a wreath around them curiously cut. These were deemed great curiosities. On looking around on this oriental magnificence, which the Persians esteem to be "the wonder of the world," the gapesters (and they were numerous) were anxiously waiting to hear my exclamations of astonishment and delight; then I emptied my Persian vocabulary of "Kali Konb," "Wallah," excellent, &c. to which, though words of course, and to be deemed merely as Persian soap, they answered, "Mashallah," &c.

Having trod my barefoot-way, and expended all my talk, I must next examine the "Takht," or throne, which was a moveable square platform, huge and unshapely; it stood about three feet from the ground, ascended by as many steps. It was all of marble, of very fine grain; the carving was curious, and many of the figures unmeaning. It was abundantly ornamented with inscriptions, which were all Greek to me, but beautifully inlaid with the Arabic character. In the centre was a small tube, or "jet d'eau," which was supplied from a fountain in a recess of the room, and was deemed a very curious display of hydraulics by the Persians; the farther end of it was raised a little above the ordinary level. This was the imperial seat; the whole being carpetted and adorned with small ivory images when his Majesty is seated, which is intended to produce an imposing effect. The whole was considered to be a master-piece of art, which had been sent to the former Shah from Shiraz. I was strongly tempted to take temporary possession of the Shah's throne, once the seat of Agha Mahmoud Koja, the terror of Persia. As a mark of special favour, I was allowed to occupy, for a short time, the "Takht" of the "Shah Padi Shah," the "Centre of the Universe," &c. It caused me no trepidation to mount the steps of empire, since I had been familiar with other thrones, and I fearlessly squatted myself on the same spot which the royal loins had shortly before occupied. No cannons "bruted it to the heavens;" no slave hung upon my nod; but I found it a hard, comfortless seat, very uncongenial to any thing like ease. Had I let loose the flood-gates of imagination, and stood on the tip-toe of power, I could have decreed, "Off with his head!" and thus have played the monarch to the full tune of oriental despotism, but I felt none of its fumes. One thing I was assured of, that I was the first "Ferengy" to occupy the throne of Persia; and one thing I may, perhaps, boast of beyond any of its monarchs, that I found it unstuck with thorns.

The second room was called "Otok Almas," from the crystal ornaments being formed diamond-fashion, with which it is entirely covered. To this you ascend by a flight of awkward steps from another court. It has likewise a large open front, supported by pillars of wood curiously painted; and with similar recesses and galleries to the throne-room. The walls have some immense mirrors, and two large chandeliers are suspended, the whole being English. The glass is impannelled in very curious shapes, with enamelled borders, and painted ornaments of birds, roses, &c. in every variety of that oriental imagery in which the Persian imagination delights to revel, presenting altogether a blaze of mirror not unworthy the fervid description of the "Thousand and One Nights." The carpet was good; the nummeds

thick, but moth-eaten; and as majesty himself sports nothing beyond this in the way of furniture, it leaves me but little to remark upon.

Having trod my barefoot-way, and vented a complimentary wonder, the Khan led me to the "Gulistan," or "the Garden of Roses," of which we hear so much in Persia, of the bubbling fountains, the flowering shrub.

" There's fiery tulips in the East,
The Garden of the Sun;
The very streams reflect the hues
And blossom as they run."

Here was to be seen every thing that could enchant—"the sweet-scented rose that had never looked upon dust; the spring that had never been vexed by a cold blast." This is the Paradise where "the nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose." But I must have done with oriental imagery, or I shall never get through this enchanting spot, with numerous tanks and streams of water, giving it a most refreshing coolness. The plantations of roses were in full bloom, yielding to the air a delicious fragrance. I could almost realise the poet's feelings, "that it intoxicated the senses and made the heart drunk." Here I must do justice to the taste and ingenuity of the Persians, of which the "Gulistan" was a magnificent display.

From the "Bauleh Kaneh," which is very large, having openings both ways, did his Majesty generally give audience to the envoys and courtiers below, who were kept some eight or ten feet from the window. From his "Musnud," which is merely a thick felt, did "the most lofty of living men—equal to the sun, brother of the moon, and whose throne is the stirrup of heaven," deign to look down on the trembling courtiers, the dust of the earth, who, hanging on his nod, and waiting for a smile from "the Centre of the Universe," entreated that they might be permitted "to rub their forehead at the threshold of the gate of Almighty Splendour."

The "Bauleh Kaneh" itself had nothing particularly attractive in it, the ornaments being very similar to those of the last room—but the carpets were better—so I passed on to the "Otok Hyenah," or "Room of Mirrors," being entirely covered with glass, including the ceiling—this was principally, I understood, from Russia, having that lustreless hue for which Russian glass is so distinguished, though the chandeliers were English, and some of "Blade's best." Then to room the fourth, or "Otok Bulbul," the ornaments of which were of marble; but from its being filled with the presents sent from Russia by the late emperor, I had but little scope for observation. The China vases, the bronze ornaments, the dingy cut-glass, the table and tea services; these formed a part of those sundries, piled up in unceremonious heaps in this room; but amongst them was a great curiosity of Russian fabric, an elephant of solid gold, about twelve inches long, having a dial-plate in front, this, with its tail and tusks, being moved by the same machinery. I had heard of it at Petersburg as an extraordinary effort of Russian art, but not thought much of seemingly by the Persian monarch, since all these things were jumbled together as mere lumber.

In the same court stands a small octagon room, called the "Kuleh Ferengy;" it is composed principally of marble, and has two tanks of water in it, looking more like a bath than any thing else. The windows were curiously carved; and some tablets of excellent Persian writing exhibited on the walls. "What is it?" said I to the Khan! He began with his "Ya allah, hou, hak," and I don't know what besides, which being algebra to me, I passed on to an old building, in which stands a curious structure, composed of sandal wood, sent to his Majesty from India, who used sometimes to occupy it when drawn into the court, since it was built upon wheels.

Playing the Paul Pry in all directions, I arrived at a large court, surrounded by buildings not yet finished, called the "Aumeneh Tauj," a fancy of the "Tauj ee Dowleh," (already spoken of,) for a winter residence. It was in a very unfinished state, and was divided into a great number of small rooms, in rich variety of glass, marble and tessellated pavements. A large marble "Takht," or sleeping-place, stands in the centre of the court; and here, under heaven's canopy, the monarch of Irak sometimes reposed himself. This out-door-sleep custom in the East is agreeably refreshing, and perfectly safe in a climate which has no night humidity.

A large building in another court attracted my attention; and here, as I was bending my way, "Sabre koon," "Stop," said the Khan, "it is the Royal Harem." And here (pausing at the threshold) lie the bones of several of the inveterate enemies of Agha Mahomed Shah, whose savage resentment was no otherwise to be gratified than by trampling over their corpses daily. This savoured somewhat of that oriental barbarism with which Persian history so much abounds.*

I must then see the Royal Stud, which is adjoining. About three hundred horses were tied to stakes in the court yard for the benefit of air, and, it may be said, of exercise, since they had some length of rope. The oriental custom is, to fasten the heels together with large cotton ties to prevent their kicking; and in this way they are always picketted on a journey. The Turkoman horses principally prevailed—a bony, powerful animal, with more strength than grace of action, more of the roadster than the courser; there were a few Arabs, and only a few. But I have seen much finer animals in England; and I apply this remark to Persian horses generally: if that barbarous custom were abolished of cutting the tail, which so disfigures an English horse, he would find no competitor in Persia. "What is the extent of his Majesty's stud?" I inquired. "He has four thousand mares in one district, and horses sufficient to mount an army."

So this is all of the "Imaret Khorseed," or "Palace of the Sun," whose principal features are monotony, simplicity, and unostentation; and here sits on the ground, and sleeps on the ground, the "Asylum of the Universe," a monarch of fancied grandeur, far superior to the occupant of Windsor Castle, the Hermitage, or the Tuileries—on

* It is a singular fact, that this tyrant had many of the bodies of his enemies disinterred and buried at the different thresholds of his palace; not satisfied with destroying his fallen foes, he would, as it were, trample them to dust with his own sandals! What a singular thirst for revenge is this, scarcely to be comprehended by the European mind!

making comparisons with which, I would say that the Autocrat of all the Russias would scarcely here lodge his gentleman usher. I asked to see the glass bed, the shawl carpet, but these were in the "Andaroon." What a strange fancy! the former being included in the presents of the late Emperor of Russia! The idea of "his most despotic majesty" reposing on crystals—beds of roses (literally so) are not uncommon in Persia, but to me they would prove beds of thorns! for I have found the odour so powerful, as to conduce to any thing but repose. Taking leave of the Khan with all the "zhamets" that I was master of, (that is, apologising for the great trouble which I had given him), I had to wend my way through the bazaars, to the great "maidan," or square, into which some of the palace windows open; in one corner of it was a tower of observation, from which his Majesty is supposed to witness the different executions alluded to in my Reminiscences, No. 1.*

In this square was a tolerable show of artillery, the "topanches," or gunners, being about, and the "tuffenkchees," or infantry, guarding the different gates and avenues. The whole of these buildings are within the "ark," or citadel, which is very extensive, surrounded by mud walls and a dry ditch, having sundry drawbridges, &c. I am quite unequal to speak of its extent, though I lodged within it at my first visit to Tehran, but was always lost in its intricacies; the various avenues in it, and approaches to it are tortuous (if I may so say). I may spend my days there, and never should find my way about. Every thing reminds me of contrivances against surprise, as though treachery was stalking about, and all means taken to prevent it. The entrances have all three or four door ways, always puzzling which to take; these I denominate "jalousies" over the women's apartments. The bazaars were of the most tumble-down description, and very inferior to those at Tabreez; and what makes them so crowded and disagreeable is, that they become the thoroughfare from one part of the city to another. Any description of their motley occupants I will not attempt; to go through them on horseback, it is necessary to have the "faroshes" to clear the way,—to set aside a string of mules, donkeys laden with brushwood,—the chaunting dervish, or the importunate "fakeer," the way being so narrow that it becomes densely choked, and the loud "kebardar"—"take care," shouted in all directions—it is quite an indescribable scene. The "humums," or "baths," are numerous and good; these are the constant resort of the Persians. The Asiatics are very clean in this respect; and not to go to the bath once a week, would be deemed almost a dereliction of duty. Here the toe and finger nails of the fair Shireen are stained with the "hennah," or red dye, of which they are very proud. The Khan has his beard stained with "rang," or the black dye, which is beautiful in lustre, and will last some weeks. The luxury of the bath

* The "shekkeh," or cutting a man down in two equal parts, his legs being tied to two poles, is by no means an uncommon thing in Persia; as to cutting out the tongue, it has been described to me by an English doctor, that if it be cleared out at the root, there is no impediment whatever to speech, but if the tip only be cut, it is fatal to further talk. Of the former I have had evidence, for I have heard a man who was tongueless, talk with his accustomed ease and rapidity.

is very great in these warm climates, and the shampooing operation very grateful when over, though I was very restive under it, and made the vault resound at my ticklings. There are no remarkable buildings in this city of Tehran to claim attention. Some of the domes of the mosques are imposing from their size and bulb shape; but neither in the bazaars nor in the mosques, is there any thing to be compared with such buildings at Constantinople. These mud regions present a mass of low, flat roof dwellings, of one uniform hue and height. All the luxuries are within the spacious courts—the running streams, the blooming flowers and bubbling fountains of which the Persians are very ingenious in the display. The best house which I saw at Tehran was the British residence, standing in a large garden, prettily laid out, and abounding with fruits and flowers; there were also extensive gardens behind, in which I had my daily walk. Of the courteous hospitality of our envoy, I have already spoken; he had much improved his house by a good front of pillars and pediments, giving it quite a “West-end” appearance. He quite surprised the “Tehranis,” who, comparing it with their own mud hovels, would exclaim—“Barikallah”—“Mas-hallah”—“Excellent—well done.”

That deeply-rooted and inveterate custom in my native country, of four-post bedsteads, down pillows, and well-stuffed mattresses, is unknown in Persia. I query if there be in Tehran more than one machine of the sort—that belonging to the British “Elchee.” On the same spot of ground, the Persian squats, prays, and sleeps; the nummed of the day is removed for the nummed of the night, which is very simple, being somewhat thicker: this, with a pillow and coverlid, form their place of repose. On my arrival in this city, “Where am I to sleep?” was my first demand, having been awoke out of my nap as I lay outside the gate, at the threshold, being fatigued with my night’s travel, and arriving before the said gates were opened. But the lodging-places I found to be of the most miscellaneous description. “Throw yourself on the ground wherever you please,” was the order of the day, and in conformity with the general custom, I found the roof of the house to be the most agreeable berth; the roofs, as I have observed, being flat and generally on the same level. It is here that the evening society of Tehran congregate, and it is amusing to witness what may be seen at a great distance—the various groups, sometimes of whole families, making their night arrangements, spreading carpets, planting bolsters, and laying themselves in all directions to cultivate sleep. Nor should I forget their “Numaz,” or evening prayers; their prostrations, genuflexions, and salutations of so many people, whilst the “Muzzins” are inviting them from the tops of the mosques, adding much to the grotesqueness of the scene. When it was over, I perambulated my boundaries—took a peep at my neighbours, who are merely divided off by a low balustrade—in this way only, intrusions being guarded against. I, quite unintending to do so, was going rather beyond my boundaries, when up sprang a batch of females—“Ferengy ame-dast”—“the Ferengy is coming;” they waited for no apologies on my part, but off they ran, and off ran I, determining for the future to “open wide the portals of prudence, and to close the avenues of indiscretion.” Although I like this independent mode of sleeping

wherever momentary convenience might dictate, still it has sometimes its inconveniences, which I have experienced. I was one night awoke by the pattering of some drops on my coverlid, which was any thing but water-proof; a smart shower (a most unusual thing in Persia) was disturbing all the inhabitants of Tehran. Up they sprang with bolsters and carpets in hasty confusion, and I heard a Babel of sounds relative to their new arrangements, but was too much occupied with my own to attend to my neighbours. I just got within the door, and at its threshold made out the night.

THE POET'S MISTRESS.

BY THE HON. D. G. OSBORNE.

SHE is alone, and casts her gaze
 Upon the page his hand has traced;
 And as she reads those thrilling lays,
 Each thought of grief is half effaced.
 Fair is the theme that greets her here,
 For to fair love those words refer;
 But, oh! the lines are doubly dear,
 Because they paint his love for her!

'Tis true, the triumphs of his song
 Are ever welcome to her heart,
 Even when the witching strains belong
 To things in which she claims no part.
 The glorious meed of fame that he
 Draws from the crowd, with pride she views;
 But who can paint her bliss to see
 Herself the idol of his muse.

The crown of laurel that he wears,
 By Genius won in Life's wild race,
 Though oft bedewed by blood and tears—
 To her is all of Joy and Grace.
 But *now* his poet-hand doth move
 That crown of bays, so proud and sweet,
 From where it rested, and in love
 Lays down the laurels at her feet!

Oh! well those few fond lines repay
 Full many a pang for him endured;
 Full many a long and weary day,
 By self-reproach and pain obscured.
 The home she left far, far behind,—
 Her aged parent's curse of rage,—
 Her maiden fame for him resigned,—
 All are forgotten o'er that page.

PRESENT ASPECTS OF POETRY.

No. II.*

MR. STERLING (the Archæus of Blackwood's Magazine), has just published, in one volume, the poems which have at intervals graced the pages of the before-named periodical. Right glad are we that an opportunity is furnished us of noticing these productions, valuable not only as intrinsically meritorious, but as auxiliary to the further development of our last month's argument. We then asserted the sanctity of the bard's character; we showed that he was appointed to be a priest to his age, and that although he might not be distinguished from common men by the sacerdotal vestment, the holiness of his vocation was in no degree invalidated by the absence of the symbol. We were nevertheless compelled to admit that inspiration is to our modern bards rather an occasional influence than a permanent existence, and that consequently the higher aspects of being which tend to the universal and the infinite, are not unfrequently merged in the grosser faculties which petty ends and ignoble objects stimulate to activity.

He who is a true poet, is *only* a poet. With him all localities are sanctified by one presence, all occasions are used for one end, all actions dictated by one spirit. The streets are not less solemn than the woods; the theatre is not less hallowed than the hearth. Whether it be the meanest necessity of life, or the purest object of love which engages his attention, *he* remains the same. He develops at all times as much of the celestial nature, as the specific temporal opportunity will admit. Creation to him has but one characteristic, and that is excellence. The glory wherewith God had apparelled him pours itself on all objects which he approaches, suffusing them with a radiance so intense that their particular distinctions are lost in the common splendour, and the relative shades and degrees perceptible by feeble light, are lost in the magnificence of that which is superlative.

Such is the Poet in idea. What the Poet is in fact is another matter. On reflection, however, we are inclined to affirm that the Poet in fact is one with the Poet in idea. Wherever discrepancy may be traced between the poems of the bard, and the conduct of the man, it must be borne in mind that these twain are perfectly distinct existences; and actions which result from the will of the latter, must never be accounted as signs of inconsistency in the former. The natural and the supernatural are enfolded in one being, and when they are (as is frequently the case) equal in strength, they will work out manifestations of the most contradictory character. Yet each agent has but operated according to its own laws, and produced an independent effect. The noble theory is perfect as theory; the degraded practice is *unqualifiedly* degraded. The opposites can neither associate nor confound. The purity cannot be tarnished by the infamy, nor the infamy redeemed by the purity.

But it is time that, dismissing episode, we should proceed to the

* Poems by John Sterling. Edward Moxon. Dover Street, 1839.

volume before us. The narrative is of the most simple kind, and may be told as follows:—Simon, the village sexton, is an old man who, by dint of thrift and labour, has attained more wealth than generally falls to the lot of persons in his station. He is a shrewd man, wise according to the wisdom of this world, yet retaining in his heart not a few of the ordinary affections of our nature. To his child, Jane, these tend as to a centre. The relation between the two is well expressed in the following quiet and picturesque lines:—

“ One daughter, little Jane, had he,
The silent Sexton's only child;
And when she laughed aloud and free,
The grave old Sexton smiled.
For she within his heart had crept,
Himself he could not tell you why,
But often he has almost wept
Because he heard her cry.
All else to him appeared as dead,
Awaiting but the shroud and pall;
It seemed that to himself he said,
' I soon shall dig the graves of all.'
And beast, and man, and home, and wife,
He saw with cold, accustomed eye;
Jane only looked so full of life
As if that she could never die.
And when she still could hardly walk
By holding fast his wrinkled finger,
So well he loved her prattling talk,
He often from his work would linger.
Around her waist in sport he tied
The coffin-ropes for leading-strings,
And on his spade she learnt to ride,
And handled all his church-yard things.
Henceforth on many a summer day,
While hollowing deep the sunlit grave,
Beside him he would have her stay,
And bones to be her playthings gave.
At whiles the busied man would raise
Above the brink his bare grey head,
With quiet smile a moment gaze,
And turn to labour for the dead.”

Mary, the wife of the Sexton, is a placid and gentle being, full of charity and faith. Meekly and patiently she works out her salvation in the humble sphere of her existence. Her discourse is of those solemn themes on which the pious heart loves to ponder.

“ Of change and trial here on earth,
Of hopes by which we conquer sins;
And of the spirit's better birth
Than that which our first life begins.”

As for Jane—

“ She grew a flower to mind and eye,
’Twas love that circled her about;
And love in her made quick reply—”

But a cloud gathers and breaks,—the mother is called to her rest, and a change comes over the spirit of the child.

“The maiden now was left to be
Her father's only prop and stay ;
And in her look 'twas plain to see,
A heart resolved but never gay.
A loveliness that made men sad,
Like some delightful mournful ditty ;
Too fair for any but the bad
To think of without love or pity.”

Is not the following verse exquisite in its simple pathos ?

“Each household task she duly wrought,
No change but one the house could know ;
And peace for her was in the thought—
Her mother would have wished it so !”

And mark what follows ;—

“One morning, while she sat intent
Beside the grassy mound,
Her brow upon the headstone leant,
Her book upon the ground,—
The sunshine sparkled through the sky,
The breeze and lark sang on together,
And yet there seemed, afar and nigh,
One silent world of azure weather.
But from beyond the old yew-tree
A voice disturbed the maiden's ear,
And in the lone tranquillity
It sounded strangely near.
’Twas now a broken word of prayer,
’Twas now a sob of ‘Mother! Mother!’
And all the anguish bursting there
The heart, she felt, had sought to smother.
No woman's voice so deeply rings,
Though men by graves but seldom pray ;
And, ah ! how true the grief that brings
A man to weep by light of day !”

The voice was that of Henry, the village schoolmaster. Though poor in outward fortune, his was a refined spirit ; it had quaffed deeply of the antique lore. The bards and philosophers of Greece, the heroes and senators of Rome, had become the good familiars of his mind. Like many to whom Heaven vouchsafes its highest gifts, he possessed but a delicate frame, and, when a child, shunned the rough sports in which boyhood commonly delights.

“To him, the friend of all his days,
Had been his fervid mother ;
And even the playmate of his plays—
He never wished another.”

Having lost this so dear companion,—

“His books, his thoughts, his boys, were now,
A swarm of insects murmuring round ;
Afresh they stung his aching brow,
And fevered him with weary sound.”

We proceed tardily—there is so much of beauty meets us at every turning, that we are tempted to drive our critical car slowly. But we have the fear of the printer's devil before our eyes, and accelerate our motion accordingly.

The twain who casually met, encountered not each other again, until a week had passed away. This second interview, as one may imagine, was not so brief as its predecessor. The old yew becomes a trysting tree, and that the graves of two mothers in its vicinity, is a circumstance which rather hallows than prohibits the communion.

And soon love, the purest, and therefore the deepest, has bound together in the indissoluble oneness of blended natures those two mourners. The Sexton's approval is all that is required. Alas! he smiles not on the pair. He is not however harsh, but proposes a discussion of the topic on the ensuing eve. Who will say that the following is not coloured to the life?

“ And close beside the blazing fire
Was placed the old man's easy seat;
The flames, now low, then shooting higher,
Cast o'er him glimpses bright and fleet.

They showed a face more soft than bold,
Though keen the look of settled will;
With lines that many winters told,
But little change of good and ill.

And thus the untroubled, aged man,
His long-experienced lesson spake,
In words that painfully began,
While slow his pondering seemed to wake:—

‘ Perhaps you think, dear daughter Jane,
My wishes neither kind nor wise,
Because I keep a sober brain,
And look about with wistful eyes.

‘ Yet surely I have lived and wrought
More years than you, or he you love;
And it must be a foolish thought
Of yours that I cannot approve.

‘ I know not who can better learn
Than one who lives so long as I,
Who all life long have tried to earn,
And still have set my earnings by.

* * * * *

“ ‘ Who does not feel how hard the thought
For one whose life must soon be o'er,
That all his days have added nought,
But still made less men's little store?

‘ And therefore, Jane, I think it right
That you should choose a gainful man,
One working hard from morn till night,
Gathering and hoarding all he can.

‘ Yet, mind you well, I do not say
But Henry may your husband be;
Though much I doubt if learning's pay
Would keep such house as pleases me.

' His health, by study much abused,
 Seems now, if well I mark, to pine ;
 And then he has been always used
 To nurture delicate and fine.
 ' His mother's stipend ceased with her,
 And he, I know, must needs be poor ;
 And so methinks it better were
 That you and he should love no more.
 ' But stay till winter days be past,
 And when the spring returns again,
 If still I find your liking last,
 Why then—nay, come and kiss me, Jane.'
 Thus wandered round his maze of speech
 The long-experienced man ;
 Determined both the twain to teach,
 Through all his saws he ran."

The Sexton's remarks on the lover's declining health, are but too well corroborated by the sequel. The frame, by nature delicate, has but a short tenure of existence, when night is devoted to thoughtful vigils, and day divided between arduous duties and harassing suspense. Henry is summoned to the unbroken repose of that state where "the weary are at rest," and the fair young girl who has linked her existence to his own, after some few months of patient duty performed in spite of failing strength and crushed hope, follows him thither.

The remorse of the Sexton, his monotonous hours of agonizing reflection, and the subsequent opening of his heart to gentler and kinder memories, are depicted with an ease and truthfulness rarely paralleled. We quote the concluding verses :

" He tended still the primrose flowers,
 He decked with them his Mary's mound,
 In what to him were Sabbath hours
 On Henry's grave he set them round.
 And sometimes when a funeral came,
 With pensive eyes the train he saw ;
 Bareheaded stood, and so would claim
 His share in others' grief and awe.
 But once 'twas more than this. There died
 A hapless widow's only good,
 A daughter, all her help and pride,
 Who toiled to gain their daily food.
 Who saw their state might well confess
 Such boundless want was strange to see,
 For little can the rich man guess
 The poor man's utter poverty.
 And when the burial all was o'er,
 And there the mother staid alone,
 With fingers clasped, and weeping sore,
 She stood, for every hope was gone.
 But Simon crept in silence there,
 And stretched his hand beneath her view,
 That held five golden pieces fair,
 More wealth than e'er before she knew.

'The aching heart it cannot heal,
I know, nor give you rest,' he said—
'But thus you will not have to feel
The pangs that haunt the wretch's bed.'

Few words she spake, and turned away,
But lighter heart that eve he bore
Than he for many a weary day,
Perchance had ever felt before.

Next day began with sunbright dawn,
And soon to tend the grave he went ;
From toil by sultry heat withdrawn,
He felt his strength was overspent :

He sank to earth in quiet sleep,
Beside the grave his head he laid,
And in that slumber soft and deep
He died below the yew-tree shade.

And now, having somewhat cursorily conducted the reader through the several stages of this simple narrative, we would heartily recommend him to read carefully the whole poem. To us, it has been as the voice of our fresh youth. We know not a delight more pure than that of discovering that, although our being may have been outwardly modified, it has not been essentially altered. It is heavenly to feel that, in spite of the anxieties which harass, the ambition which fevers, the competition which excites, and the disappointment which chills, the universal sympathies remain unpolluted in the depths of our nature ; and that how numerous soever be the artificial layers imposed by time and circumstance on humanity, the current from the eternal spring not only channels its way through the substratum, but occasionally irrigates the surface.

The incidents recorded in "The Sexton's Daughter," are, as we have before remarked, of the most every-day kind. What of that ? It only gives an opportunity of illustrating a truth with which the world must eventually become familiar, that interest resides rather in the character of the agent than in that of the circumstance. Human feelings, by their intensity, render impressable the vulgar ore of common incident, and the powerful mind stamps with its own characteristic the metal on which common natures impress no seal. And shall we not at last be brought to the conviction, that a man's outward life, and the events which throng it, are not, legitimately speaking, realities at all, but mere signs of the relation held between the soul and its originator ? O ! thou that wouldst write of the blessed and the gay, ask not as aids to thy representation, laughing comrades, pleasant halls, witching scenes, or clime like Araby's—but ask for the single heart and the creative mind. These are the spells wherewith to paradize the desert, to transform poverty into content, and to make obscurity the pleasant shade in which virtue retains her complexion.

It is a most unfortunate error to doubt the power of mental agency to inform, with its own character, the sphere of its operation. Human tendencies exercise a natural despotism over mere sensuous contingencies. Events are dependent for their specific value on the action or concession of the mind. As man changes, so do all the external rela-

tionships alter in their value. By instinctive fealty, accident and incident adapt themselves to the prevailing aspects of intelligent beings. Thus, when Adam walked with God, the inferior creation, from its noblest beast to its meanest details, was bound together in concord; and thus when he fell from sinless communion with his Maker, the lower world, by its corresponding degradation, gave fearful sign of its entire allegiance.

We have often thought that to manifest the supremacy of mind over external conventionalities, it would be well for some man of genius in his creations, not only to dispense with the ordinary class of incidents, but to work out a moral in opposition to it. We think that a comedy might be constructed, of which a *death* should be the *dénouement*. We are sure that a tragedy might be written, in which *to live* should be the catastrophe of the hero.

There is one feature in "The Sexton's Daughter," which peculiarly pleases us. It is, that the poet deals with the fortunes of the humble and the poor. Whoever accustoms us to look with interest upon humanity, divested of all superficial attractions, and thus causes us to feel that the relation between man and man is constitutional rather than extrinsic, does more to promote the welfare of society than can be effected by the most assiduous reformer, whose efforts are confined to legislative change.

Let the sensuous herd cant as it will as to the unavailability of Utopian theories in the work of political or social reformation, we make bold to declare that it is only in the proportion that the poetic ideal is introduced into the actual, that the latter is ameliorated. Practice—the practice of what? Surely it were ridiculous to answer, the *practice of practice*! No; the practical necessarily presumes a theory which, until it is developed in external operations, must of necessity be an undemonstrated *ideal*. But it is impossible in any one age, or indeed it is impossible in any period of time, practically to express the whole of the ideal, which, being itself unlimited, can only be practically represented in limitation. Nevertheless, it seeks for some image in sense, which image is the practical for the time being. Having achieved one representation, it yearns to accomplish another; but its first child, ambitious of longevity, is of course jealous of the coming birth, for every new aspect of the ideal is the destruction of its predecessor. But the immortal life cannot be annihilated; and, though compelled to compromise, ceases not to reprobate the hard conditions to which it is subjected. The practical and the ideal divide humanity between them. The former seizes the actual; the speculative alone remains to the latter. Thus it is that the creed and the conduct, the head and the heart, are at constant variance. The colonel extols the high feeling of the British army in one breath, and with the next, orders the application of the lash to the back of the delinquent soldier—the senator is diffuse on the blessings of human laws, and votes against the abolition of punishment for death—the mother blandly smiles as she discourses of the beauty of ruling children by affection, and administers a ringing *soufflet* to the poor wight who stumbles against her work-box, or lets her china slip through his fingers.

But if these inconsistencies are painful to witness in the cases of

the soldier, the politician, and the parent, then evil in the case of the poet is still more lamentable and injurious. The poet is, *par excellence*, the votary of the ideal, and that which, in other instances, may be accounted mere folly, becomes treason in his own. Every man's vision of the beautiful is the theory of which his life is to be the exemplification; and the nearer the imaginative possible approximates to the perfect, the more emphatic is the demand for a lofty reality in the actual.

Let no one imagine that he is acquitted from the responsibility thus imposed, because his own delineations of the ideal have taken those conventional forms which are not common to his own age. The song may record the exploits of generous chivalry, the devotion of unswerving loyalty, or the death-defying constancy of religious faith; principles these, which are restricted by no particular age, and limited to no particular locality, whenever prejudice and power oppress the unoffending and the weak. Then is the arena open for chivalric exploit. Whenever interest and sophistry conspire against truth, then may loyal allegiance be tested. Whenever, on account of our faith, once familiar faces are coldly averted from us, then may we prove our pious fortitude by the meek sufferance of that martyrdom which involves the death of those affections wherein we have existed.

The work of reform must not only be individual in relation to circumstance, but internal in relation to character. Vain clamour for *larger supplies*, when we should first seek *diminished necessities*—for better *laws*, when we want better *legislators*, who can only be selected from better *men*! The demand which must be made is for *better men*, and to urge any meaner one, in oblivion of this, is quackery as absurd as it is common.

It occurs to us, that in making this statement, we come into collision, as we always have done, with the notions advocated by Mr. Owen and his disciples. We take this opportunity of remarking, with feelings of equal surprise and pity, that in one or two instances we have been accused of adopting the sentiments of the Socialists. We stated, on a former occasion, that Socialism was the *manifestation* of a good principle, even the desire of unity. The indiscriminating and careless have evidently confounded our statement with regard to the *principle*, with an approval of its *manifestation*. As to Socialism, we hold it, in point of philosophy, most false; in point of religion, most unspiritual; and in point of policy, most fatal; but we have ever been of those who seek to discern,

"The soul of goodness in *things evil*."

We have only to add, that we will not consent to prostitute our Magazine to abuse of individuals, however obnoxious to our criticism their doctrines may be. If there be aught more repugnant to us than the character of Socialist, it is that of those who desecrate the pages which should be devoted to calm inquiry, by the coarse and vulgar language of personal invective. We have spoken.

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J. W. M.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

INDUCTION.

WE must hope,—we must love; neither of these sentiments can be satisfied by the realities of life; each seeks its perfect accomplishment in a state unknown, which the fond and ardent imagination prefigures in its fascinating visions. Our dreams of futurity are the true fairy-land of life. The poet tells us that a golden age—an Arcadia, and Utopia *once* existed;—but what saith the sage? Whoever paints to himself the beauties of to-morrow, lives in an Arcadia of his own; not the less true, not the less assuasive of care because simply ideal! Truth, for us, is the belief of it, and the faith in it.

There may be incredulity in all things;—nay, there is religious, philosophic, and artistic incredulity; if indeed we ought not to have applied the negative adjective;—the unbelievers in religion, are the irreligious;—in philosophy, the unphilosophic;—in art, the unartistic, —individuals incapable of perceiving, imagining, or developing beauty. Doing is knowing in religion;—even so in art. The man who has the strongest belief of, and faith in, the truth of his own imaginings, will be the best artist, the best poet, painter, or sculptor.

Who is he that best succeeds in life, attains rank, achieves greatness, amasses wealth, enforces submission, and extends his power? Not the timorous unbeliever,—not the fretful, inconstant, desponding man—thus become because of his unbelief; but he that is *practised* in the ways of the world, has a full confidence and faith in the means he employs, and hence carries his bold conceptions into successful execution. The believer is the enthusiast; the faithful in thought, and word or deed, is the true genius.

Say you that men of genius are easily duped, that they are ill-qualified to combat with the world? Where they have led a secluded life, because they have not been practised in the world, this is true. But is it not also a proof of their *credulity* or belief? We hate your beetle-browed, cunning, unbelieving men;—such a man was never an artist! Enter, then, our gallery of pictures, with a childlike heart, willing to believe that all you see is true; and then shall you reap your reward in full, glowing, intense enjoyment.

We design to carry our belief to a greater extent than you perhaps will think allowable; we have summoned Michael Angelo* to our side.—The little man is standing close to us, with a face radiant with intelligence and glory; a smile is playing about his mouth, indicative of the openness of his heart; but his high massive forehead betrays solemn thought and self-commanding genius. He grows brighter, and brighter, as we behold him; and now stands forth a palpable, clear image of divinity.

“Look around ye,” says he, “and tell me how many of all the pictures in this vast assemblage seem to be painted on principles as-

* A little book has been published on Michael Angelo, as a poet—we shall review this early.

certained and determined by the artist himself? Of one thousand pictures, how many original ones can you point out? With you,"—he declares with energy, "the art has, like literature, lapsed into a sordid, money-seeking trade; few pursue it for the mere honour; fewer still for the pure love of it. I sigh for the times that are past; even the very schools that then existed were evidences of that original genius which was constantly operating to discover new modes of manifesting its mighty conceptions; the pupil studied under a master, until, burning with love and ambition, he became a master himself. Who are your masters? Who are the arbiters of your style? There is none—none. Think not that you are thus free and independent, and that original genius has the privilege of exerting itself unshackled by modes. The original genius is the destroyer of modes, and the creator of them; he builds a temple for himself on the ruins of that which he has overthrown, and his worshippers will prevail until another genius shall rase the building and establish another altar. Where there are few schools there will be few students; and without study, neither philosophy nor art can ever arrive at the ultimate limits of human excellence. The want of a school proves either ungovernable license or deficient genius; and each is equally opposed to the interests of art. A change, however, cannot be expected until a master-spirit shall arise, to charm the unruly elements by the secret sympathies of his inspired soul."

We felt that the great artist spake truly, and that, with one or two exceptions, his observations were peculiarly applicable to the art as it is practised in our country. We want genius,—and with genius, docility: these two will almost necessarily produce and combine with study, and hence will be formed the true artist!

Reader!—Are you a professional artist? Rely more upon yourself, and study the laws of your own mind. Are you an amateur? Then learn to love truly. Forget that there is another soul in the room beside yourself; examine, pause, and investigate. Taste is the child of genius, growing slowly, and requiring sound and nutritious food to enable it to expand into full stature and energy; but, alas! the serpent, Error, often seizes it in the cradle, winds its lithe folds around it, crushes its limbs, and leaves it a mangled heap of deformity and disease. Unless you are a Hercules, studiously avoid so subtle a foe. Are you one of the uninitiate? Then throw yourself upon our protecting care: fix in your mind a few of the principles which we may hereafter notice; satisfy yourself of their truth, and judge the works of art presented before you, according to the injunctions contained in them; thus you will never make a radical error, however you may be deceived in some details peculiar to the art. These you may gradually acquire, and with much more facility than you suppose. But, above all, come in the spirit of love, and in the humble demeanour of a student. Your science is nature; be not ashamed that you are not a master of it, for there never was her master yet.

I.—PORTRAITS.

There are not so many portraits in the Exhibition this year, as on former occasions. Considerable talent to depict on the canvass the ex-

act outline of the features, and to impress upon it their characteristic expression, is required; but that quality of the mind which seizes and abstracts the flitting glimpse of the deeper currents of the soul, idealizes it, and makes it the character of a species rather than of an individual; and yet, when worked into the portrait, in combination with the natural features, strikes us as something ineffably like, as an arrestment of certain moments when our friend has been surprised during the secret operations of his mind,—as a revelation of a power or peculiarity never thoroughly apprehended by us until now;—the quality of mind, we repeat, that can effect this, belongs to an artist equal to the performance of any branch of his noble art. This was the characteristic of Sir Thomas Lawrence; he had a keen apprehension, and great powers of abstraction, whence his portraits assumed that ideal character for which they are remarkable. Portraiture then becomes a part of historical painting, since, with the addition of comprehension of mind to empower the artist to group together into one whole several distinct objects, it embraces all its elements.

There are a few portraits, however, deserving our best attention; and in order that we may understand them better, we shall begin by considering the two most important ones in the exhibition:—"Portrait of the Queen Victoria, in the Robes of State in which her Majesty meets the Parliament," Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., and "Portrait of his H.R.H. the Prince Albert of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, in the Robes of the Order of the Garter," G. Patten, A. Now Sir David Wilkie has a great reputation, and *was*, undoubtedly, a man of genius; and when we seek in the present production either for an authority for the one, or an indication of the other, we are miserably disappointed. The attitude of the Queen is stiff and awkward—the expression of her countenance, unmeaning—the colouring, alack-a-day! mixed up with a varnish intended to give it richness and finish, but failing of its effect from want of sufficient body in the work beneath, is dull, dead, and muzzy, and betrays in the back-ground extreme carelessness. Wilkie has of late leaped into the historical walks of art, for which his genius is entirely unsuited; and he has, at the same time, adopted a hasty, wishy-washy style, equally repugnant to good taste. How we sighed for those beautiful, highly-finished cottage pieces, exhibited in the other end of the house, when we regarded two or three of the careless works in the present exhibition.

From Wilkie's picture, the eye naturally turns to the portrait of Prince Albert. This portrait is exquisitely like; the attitude of the figure is both graceful and dignified; uniting, in this respect, the peculiar attributes of the prince himself. The masses of the picture are distributed with a masterly grandeur of effect, exhibiting much power in the arrangement of a costume exceedingly difficult to manage—its principal colours being white and blue. The clear day-light which characterizes the picture is peculiar to it, and contributes to redeem it from that fogginess which too usually characterizes portraits of the English school. The drawing is vigorous and scientific, and reveals the vigorous handling of one who has obtained an accomplished proficiency in the art that he professes.

In connexion with the foregoing, we may notice No. 486, "Por-

trait of Arthur Cope, Esq.," by the same artist. It decidedly ranks among the best portraits in the exhibition. The grouping of the figure and accompaniments is remarkably good; and the introduction of the dog, looking eagerly into his master's face, in expectation of his departure, gives variety and animation; while, by increasing the breadth of the base, it materially contributes to the composition of the picture. The drawing is good—the attitude graceful—the head well thrown out. Perhaps there is scarcely another artist who confers so natural and speaking an expression on his portraits, as the one now under notice; an effect to which his tone of colour greatly contributes. We may observe, that every point is highly wrought, and indicates the employment of as much care and skill in the execution of the picture, as genius in its conception.

This artist has likewise portraits of the "Rev. J. H. Stewart," and also of "Mrs. Stewart:" both noble pictures, in good drawing, and rich colour. As for Mrs. Stewart, we could really love the lady—she is depicted with so sweet a smile, and so agreeable and benevolent an expression of countenance. In this consists the whole value of portraiture—colour is nothing,—form is nothing,—drawing is nothing,—light is nothing—there is nothing without character.

There are other portraits of the Queen, besides Wilkie's—one equestrian, and one pedestrian. But there is none on which we can either compliment the monarch, or congratulate the artist. We suspect that portrait painting is, after all, a more difficult branch of the art than is usually imagined, when we find Eastlake failing so egregiously, as in Miss Bury. Miss Gillies' portrait of William Wordsworth is an admirable likeness of the poet.

II.—EPICAL PAINTINGS.

We must not leave Sir David Wilkie without noticing No. 48, "Benvenuto Cellini presenting, for the approval of Pope Paul III., a silver censer of his own workmanship." This picture is very good: the light is judiciously massed, the colouring warm and rich, and the expression of each face subdued, in accordance with responsive genius, by the great spirit that resides within. The Pope is calm and dignified; scrutinising through his spectacles, with sedate curiosity, the master-piece of art. He has not yet abandoned himself to admiration; but if you could look through his spectacles, you would expect to find the light of applause beaming in his eyes. Benvenuto is reverent, yet assured; he presents, on his knee, the admirable work, and you can see his confidence of approbation radiating in his inquiring face. In this picture Sir David has, to a certain extent, reclaimed his honours; it is an evidence of what might be done, if the artist would consult his genius, and presume less upon his reputation. From him, "to whom much is given, much will be required." Where talent and fame abounds, we expect adequate excellence in the performances; if these be proved deficient, we have reason to be dissatisfied. Public taste is not to be insulted, because a man may have a great reputation.

Let us also recur to Eastlake. His "Salutation of the Aged Friar" strikes us as being very beautiful, both in composition and colour.

A chastening purity of sentiment pervades the whole, and is communicated to the mind of the spectator by a sympathy he wots not of. We think highly of Eastlake!

We do not intend to fatigue you, gentle friend, with the dull details of newspaper criticism; we might, perhaps, appear a little more learned in the art by besprinkling our pages with the pomp and circumstance of technical phraseology, which, however, any reviewer may learn by holding three conversations with an artist, and making one visit to his studio. But hence, alas! "the force of nature can no farther go;"—he wants that absorbing spirit which can catch and imbibe the soul of an artist as he breathes it out upon his canvass;—he wants that sublime enthusiasm which can identify his own soul with the creative conceiver;—he wants love that can adore the spirit of beauty embodied in the picture;—and genius, far-seeing, god-like genius! to perceive the principles and laws that govern the whole! This is what *he* wants,—the ordinary critic,—but *you* do not want this;—you have basked in the beams of Apollo, and have inspired a ray of the genius that animates the god. We rely upon the latent conviction of your bosoms,—upon that intense love of the beautiful which is now, perhaps, smouldering amidst the dust and ashes of conventionalism; but which a spark from the brow of Apollo may serve to kindle into a flame.

"Beauty unadorned, is adorned the most;" but tell us, immortal bard, what is Beauty? Is it the radiance of a black eye or a blue one;—does it reside in the ebon tresses of an Italian, or in the golden hues that enshrine the brow of a Saxon? Ask the Nubian, the Greenland, the Grecian or the English artist;—and what is it? It is that which we feel; it is a sentiment, a principle of the spirit that is within us; the outward form is its reflected image—its manifestation to the sensuous organs. Let this eternal principle be developed, and beauty adorned or unadorned will be beauty still. The adornment will add refulgence to beauty, if it be conceived and executed according to the spirit. The bard was wrong; let us rather say sophistic, because not sufficiently deep. The mode never yet was the creator of beauty—what then? The love of it!

And yet the mode is developed in accordance with principles that are perfectly harmonious with this primitive Love, and which are as constant and unalterable as the laws that govern our organic existence. The world without affects us in subjection to certain laws; and the world created for us by the artist must observe them, or it will cease to impress us with the sentiments of truth or beauty. Our souls are linked to nature by the unity of our perceptions; and this eternal law is, and must be, felt, understood, and developed by the true son and master of art. But all are not the eldest children of Genius; if they were, the practical effort would immediately follow the enunciation of the precept. They would discover the law in their own minds, and act in obedience to it; but now they look beyond themselves, and seeking the law where it is not to be found, they make unavailing efforts to grasp at shadows, and terminate the pursuit in disappointment and despair. The eye of the beholder must be attracted; and hence variety is sought in detached lights, parti-colours,

and confused subjects. "There must be variety," says the artist; "there shall be unity, if I can." "There must be unity," say we, "and let variety be comprehended in it." One prominent upper light will attract the eye infinitely more than several detached lights; and we are certain, if managed with ordinary skill, will be esteemed even by the vulgar—great and little, as incomparably more beautiful. There is a power and a fascination in such a mode of treating a subject that produces an enchanting effect on the beholder; while, we are convinced that it is demonstrative of the only one true law. Let not an artist imagine, that the uniformity resulting from the observance of this principle, would confine excellence in his art within narrow bounds of talent and skill. The reverse will be the case: the highest law may be easily comprehended; but it will require the highest talent for its achievement. A daub of white paint in the centre of a picture, may exhibit a very fair burlesque, but it is not the evidence of a truth; it is the consequence of small art employed in the developement of a great law.

There is one artist whose style we like much; he seems to feel the principle that we have been advocating—that artist is William Allan. His picture of "The Orphan and his Bird," is a fair example of this mode of realising a conception. The unities are complete in every respect; the colouring is subdued to the power of sight; and the eye immediately rests upon the figure, and is retained upon it in contemplation. The sweet pensive melancholy expressed by the countenance of the bereft boy, is also very natural and just: the youth holds the robin—for it is that favourite bird of childhood which is depicted—upon his knees, and gazes upon it with the mournful feeling of one who had lost his last friend: the sun has set; a stream of light is glancing just above the horizon; it illumines the features of the youth; we can almost see it departing; it will soon be gone, and darkness and woe will shroud him in their mantle.

We like this artist the more because he has adopted a mode so entirely at variance with the glittering ambitious character of the productions of most of his contemporaries. He paints, doubtless, under the impulses of native genius; and is little attentive to the idiotic stare of the enraptured crowd. He has studied in the true sense of the word—not merely by imitating the master-pieces of his art, but he has reflected upon the principles which, by animating them, acquired for them that honoured title; and, more than all, he has analysed his own perceptions of the beautiful.

There is another picture in the Octagon Room; "King Lear," by E. M. Ward, worthy of our attention, because it is executed on the principles we have here enforced. It is, however, in the very worst light in which it could possibly be placed, and the room is generally so much crowded, that it is only with great difficulty that a fair view of it can be obtained. We do not complain; some of the pictures must be in this predicament;—it is very unfortunate for the present one that the lot should have fallen upon it. We observe in it considerable power of composition, with a keen conception of the feelings of the human heart.

"Sir! do you know me?"

You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?"

This is the moment seized by the artist for the developement of his conception of the respective characters. The dreamy madness of the old sorrow-stricken king is gleaming in his eye : he has left this world ; his soul is an inhabitant of the world of spirits, whither he gazes in fixed delirious abstraction. Cordelia is all compassion, grief and loveliness,—she hangs upon her father's neck, and would fain call back his soul to the realities of this world. "You are a spirit."—Indeed, Cordelia, there is truth in madness ;—if ever there was a pure spirit in this world, thou art one.

How few men are there who understand Shakspeare ! How few comprehend the ideal sublimity that inspires the rude and vigorous mortality in which it pleased him to apparel his conceptions. Though the marble were not highly polished, the Apollo Belvidere would still display the genius that imagined its unrivalled graces : though the characters of Shakspeare are occasionally rough and unhewn to a cursory observer, yet to a man partaking in some degree, however humble, of the spirit of the poet, the pure ideal conception will soon stand out in visible beauty, captivate and take possession of his soul. None but the high priest was allowed to pass beyond the veil of the Jewish temple, and enter the Holy of Holies ; so, sublime bard ! none but thy true descendants—none but those inspired with the oracles of wisdom are enabled to lift the veil from thy conceptions, and witness the dazzling glories that are forbidden to the vulgar and profane. Let the carping critic announce to the initiated, the darkness of his understanding ; but let those who have studied thee, and lit their imaginations at the taper thou hast held out, proclaim the mysteries of thy power, and rejoice in the enlightenment they have received.

We fear that we cannot give that unqualified praise to the Banquet Scene in *Macbeth*, D. Maclise, R. A. Elect, of which some critics have thought it deserving. Mr. Maclise has read Shakspeare differently from ourselves if he supposes that his figure is a correct realization of Lady Macbeth. There is, in our opinion, too much of the physical, and not sufficient of the ideal, to permit us to name it in comparison with its poetic prototype. No, no : Lady Macbeth is a keen, ambitious, commanding spirit, but she is also highly intellectual : she is masculine, if you will ; but she has a masculine mind. There is not a single radiation of intellect in the features representing this heroine in the picture under consideration ; an uninformed, self-willed Thames fish-woman would have displayed a figure and expression exactly similar to those in the picture. Lady Macbeth is a master-piece beyond the power of the artist to conceive ; he has not entered the most sacred places of the soul. Energy is the characteristic of Mr. Maclise's intellectual formation ; it is observable in the decision of his outline, in the tone of his colour, in the attitude and expression of his figures ; but his flight is limited ; he cannot ascend to the pure, serene, empyreal regions of the ideal. His pinions are strong, but they are heavy, and require a certain atmospheric density to support their weight. There are, however, many points in the picture deserving great applause ; the light, though somewhat dispersed, is judiciously managed ; the colouring is rich and in good keeping ; the ghost is well conceived, and perhaps better even than it, the earnest gaze of those who are endeavouring to discover the cause of their lord's alarm ; some

looking into the chair, and others beyond it, but all equally unsuccessful in perceiving the object. Horror, and its attendant condition of palsied physical power, has been perhaps seldom better shown than in the figure of Macbeth, and it is cleverly placed in strong contrast with the determined carriage of his wife. We observe the same attention to detail that characterizes the whole of this artist's productions, and which has been one chief cause of his great popularity.

There is a picture—"The Slave Trade," done by L. Biard, a French artist—of considerable power. A harrowing tale is told with great fidelity as to the facts and circumstances. It describes the operations that take place previous to the shipping of the slaves from the slave-coast. We perceive them, on the right of the picture, brought down yoked together like cattle rather than human creatures. In the centre is one man who has been loosened from the yoke, and is undergoing examination before his price is fixed, which is in dispute between the people of the chief, who is indifferently looking on, smoking his pipe, while they are settling the money value of the poor wretch. Other groups exhibit the process of branding and removal to the vessel seen in the bay. A seaman in a determined attitude, with his broad shoulders ably thrown out from the canvass, demands attention. On the left side, the captain of the gang, stretched at full length, looks on with heartless indifference, and waits only to insert the price in a book. The chief, with his pipe in his mouth, is decorated with beads and feathers, charms and amulets, by which he is distinguished from the rest of his race. The colouring is of a lurid ghastly hue, and is sufficiently expressive of the horrible scene.

A. Redgrave has two pictures, "The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," and "The Wonderful Cure by Paracelsus." They are both of them worthy the peculiar talent shown by this artist last year.

J. Severn has a poetical mind of the highest order, and has cultivated it by an acquaintance with poets. His "Isabella on the Pot of Basil" takes our fancy much. She is indeed beautiful, and her sorrow is of that quiet kind which endures, and breaks the heart slowly but surely. It is Keats' Isabel—not Proctor's. "Portia with the Casket," is an exquisite production of the same school. His other pictures of "The Witches' Cavern," and "The Roman Ave Maria," did not strike us so much; but there is the same order of feeling in them nevertheless.

In the class of poetical subjects may be mentioned one by C. Hancock:—"Robert Burns, with his hand on the plough and his heart with the Muse," in which the air of poetic abstraction is well managed. The horses are taking the liberty of cropping the herbage below and the leaves of the trees above, while the poet's eye is introvertively "glancing from earth to heaven in a fine frenzy rolling."

Johnston's "Scene from the Gentle Shepherd," is touching.

C. Landseer's "Nell Gwynne" is well told, and his "Tired Huntsman" is excellently conceived.

Etty has, as usual, some classical and scriptural subjects, which are treated with his accustomed daring. Andromeda is interesting from her perils, and "Venus" is rather *derobed* than *derobing*. Mars is sound asleep, and the attendant timidly obsequious; a beautiful com-

bination of qualities—but still the drawing is too familiar. The five foolish virgins are furious as well. They feel all the misery of exclusion. The energy of imploration and the imbecility of despair are well portrayed. The happy group above are in a style of simplicity which calls back old times, when there were masters in the Israel of art. The excellencies of this picture are, however, more technical than mental.

Collins' "Saviour with the Doctors in the Temple," is an intelligent but not an inspired youth. The sublimest and the simplest of arguments; it requires the most delicate and finished treatment. We despair of seeing the subject so handled as to satisfy the pious and poetical feelings which it awakens. His remaining two pictures, "Ave Maria—Scene near Tivoli," and "The Passing Welcome, Naples," are enchanting little paintings.

Mulready has an exquisite interior (No. 99). "Fair-time," also is admirable. "First Love," bright and glowing as it should be, is, indeed, one of the gems of the exhibition.

G. Richmond's "Our Saviour and his Two Disciples," is an admirable picture, painted in the spirit of the old masters, full of sentiment, love, and respect.

Casey's "Captivity of Joan D'Arc" is good. The principal figure is sweetly painted, and the whole subject is so treated as to produce sympathy for the heroic victim.

No. 31, "King Henry I. of England receiving intelligence of the Shipwreck and Death of his only Son," S. A. Hart, R.A., Elect, is not a very commendable picture. It is indeed a weak and puerile production, though the subject is capable in good hands of great effect.

From one historical picture we can pass to another in the West Room, No. 484, "Altar-piece for St. George's Church, Leeds," C. W. Cope. We have long had our eye upon this artist, and we augur for him great success in his art. He is evidently a student of the old masters, but we fear that hitherto he has rather imitated their manner than imbibed their spirit. However the way to the temple is through the court, and we believe that he has already placed his foot upon the threshold. He had a painting, that we then observed, in the exhibition last year: though the lights and shades in it were well contrasted, yet his colouring wanted that rich unctuous character belonging, even now, to some of the old masters.

Below this hangs Duncan's picture, No. 482, "Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh after the Battle of Preston." Its title is accompanied in the list by a very full description, to which we refer our readers. It derives considerable interest from its representations, and, we suppose, portraits, of some of the leading men of the day: if the figures be not portraits, it is a perfect imposition to attach celebrated names to them. The prince is characterized by an open, graceful countenance, and stands prominently forward from the dense mass behind him. The group we liked best was that on the left, embracing the Marquis of Tulliebardine and several ladies. The old Marquis is a fine old fellow with a warm honest heart, we are sure; ever ready to make his sword do good service in the cause of his prince. The attitude and expressions of the women around him are courtly and full of joy. There is evidently much of

Wilkie's manner pervading the picture; and perhaps as much of his spirit in the delineation of character.

Callcott has failed in his great picture of "Milton Dictating to his Daughters." Where is the character? Where is the inspired poet, or the amazed amanuensis? We look in vain. We scarcely knew what to make of the picture when we first entered the room. The light is thrown entirely upon the figure in the centre,—a form, certainly, of grace and loveliness, but without any expressions of feature characteristic of the occasion; and our attention in obedience to the principle was directed almost entirely to it; but referring to the catalogue, and observing the magic name of Milton, the current of our curiosity was instantly turned, and all our gaze was settled upon the sleepy figure thrown out in dark relief. The light is broad, and the colouring in good keeping, but there is a sad want of animation,—of correct and characteristic expression.

Let us descend from the mock-heroic, and examine one or two of Uwin's rich, luscious, lovely paintings. No. 92, "The Loggia of a Vine-dresser's Cottage, in the afternoon of a Saint's-day." A Neapolitan mother is teaching her daughter to dance the tarantella: and it forms a scene of sunny warmth, and domestic love and happiness. The very grapes are growing, and tempt the beholder to pluck them from the pendant boughs. Again, 416, "Fioretta," with the motto, "The innocent are gay."—Verily, innocence and gaiety are beautifully commingled; while all the magic of colours unites to render them captivating.

III.—LANDSCAPES.

We may remark here, what we have inferred before, that the artist whose productions are most like the objects they represent, will have the most abstractive mind; for, in proportion to this quality will be the clearness of the conception; and we know that the success of an artist will depend upon the vividness of the image he has called up. For a great artist does not copy directly from nature, but abstracts the significant characters, idealizes them, and then transplants to his canvass a purified conception of his own. If this be true, in what light are we to regard the pictures of Turner? Not by the light of the sun, we doubt, but by that of his own highly tempered imagination. The true, great, comprehensive genius, abstracts all, idealizes all, recombines all, and the result is a pure, refined image of the original type. It is the error of a monomaniac to dwell upon one idea, and is as far remote from true genius, as the madman is from the judicious philosopher. Turner has produced what never was observed in nature, and never will be at any one time—but he collects the grandeurs that may be remarked at many.

Turner's "Bacchus and Ariadne," and "Bridge of Sighs," are both exceedingly beautiful. "Venice from the Canale della Guidecca, &c." is in his accustomed style, requiring the initiate for its due appreciation. "The Typhon coming on," however, is intelligible to all, and admirable for all. "The New Moon," is a mere vagary. "Rockets and Blue Lights" just suit the artist's turn of mind; and "Neapolitan Fisher-girls surprised Bathing by Moonlight," is in his best style. If

translated by the engraver, all these pictures would be pleasing, even to those who now stare and wonder at what they can mean, and why they are painted so strangely.

Stanfield exhibits several pictures done in his peculiar, careful, broad, masterly style. It is fine and bold scene-painting. The "*Citara*," "*Sorrento*," and "*Avignon on the Rhone*," fully sustain the high reputation that he has justly acquired.

Roberts' Churches and Mosques, and Dromos and Memnons, and Porticoes, are all treated in a masterly style.

John Martin has some deluge pieces and landscapes in this exhibition. The term landscape is properly applicable to both; they are very highly finished.

Among the sea-scenes there is one which stirs up a national feeling in the breast of an Englishman. We allude to *H. M. late ship, Royal George*, of 100 guns, sinking at Spithead, 29th August, 1782. *J. C. Schetky*. We are glad to see this event recorded, and by an artist so deservedly famous. The drawing is excellent, the colouring is very superior, and the lights are well distributed. There is great elaboration of detail; and the artist displays an intimate knowledge of his subject. He has an eye for the beauties of nature, and a talent that can impress them on the canvass; witness the variety of hues that play upon his water, and we shall be convinced of his taste and skill. Yes, *John Schetky*, thou art a capital painter, and a good companion—we will not say a better, though a better we have never known. A humorous eye, and a merry tongue are thine; and though old Time has begun to scatter his snows upon thy brow, yet the warmth of youth still animates thy heart; and mayst thou be able to handle a pencil and crack thy joke for many a long year to come.

We shall finish our remarks on the paintings of the present exhibition by noticing the infinite art with which *Landseer* has developed the characteristics of the several breeds of dogs in No. 311, "*Laying down the Law*." There is intelligence in the head of each, equally as expressive of the emotions the discourse of the reverend poodle may be calculated to excite, as indicative of the particular breed to which each dog belongs. Why is *Landseer* so celebrated for his delineation of the brute creation? Because he endows his animals with a character: each might be human, if it were not for its skin. Herein is his genius—in the development of the spiritual in the physical.

IV.—SCULPTURE.

Baily's Statue of the late Earl of Egremont, is a truly grand,—indeed, a magnificent work. We could not help contrasting it with that of *Northcote by Chantrey*, much to the advantage of the former.

Gibson's "Wounded Amazon," is exceedingly beautiful, and his "*Jocasta with Eteocles and Polynices*," a most expressive production.

Marshal's "Creation of Adam" is likewise exquisite; the breath of life, the living soul, has just been breathed into the frame, and the countenance is startlingly awakened into wonder with the first perception of life, and of wonder itself identified in mysterious union.

Our time, however, has expired. There is much more to see and to say. But, for the present, we must part. Reader! adieu!

THE PROGRESS OF DRAMATIC REFORM.

(Continued from page 506.)

WE are not alone in our endeavours to promote the cause of Dramatic Reform. There are hearts that respond to our appeal. Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "*Cosmo de' Medici*," has, with the same view that induced us to give forth "*The Roman Brother*," produced his "*Gregory VII.*," with an "*Essay on Tragic Influence*."* From this essay, as also from the tragedy itself, we find that the poet has somewhat modified his theory and his practice since the production of his first dramatic effort. He now feels that a great drama should not turn upon accidents and venial mistakes, but upon essential attributes; and that accordingly the passions should be honestly dealt with. Take a few passages on these points:—

"Tragedy is open to all great passions.

— 'Thou hast great allies:
Thy friends are Exultations, Agonies,
And Love, and man's unconquerable mind.'

"Lord Kames observing that 'the commentators upon Aristotle, and other critics, have been much gravelled about the account given of tragedy by that author,' was very near discovering the fallacy of the limited meaning in which the ancient philosopher's proposition has always been understood. Kames says, that 'pity, indeed, is here made to stand for all the sympathetic emotions.' This certainly manifests a disposition to enlarge the acceptance; but he soon continues the argument as though no such enlargement had been intended. But if pity is 'made to stand for all the sympathetic emotions,' terror may be made to stand for all antipathies; and what then becomes of our present limited notions about 'terror and pity?' These remarks on old-established discrepancies are only to be regarded as hints thrown out to excite examination, the results of which will be likely to cast wider open the doors of the expanded heart, and emancipate the mind from school habits and narrow theories.

"The moral effect of works of ideal art is humanising, chiefly because they excite refined emotions without advocating any dogmatic or exclusive moral. They appeal to the heart and the imagination, not to the measurements of the understanding; and this is why their fine essence is very apt to float off and escape at the material touch of analysis, discussion, and criticism. Their true mission is to enlarge the bounds of human sympathy. A drama with a single moral can only be a great work when at the same time it develops universal passion; otherwise it is worse than useless. A particular moral, to which everything else is made subservient, can only produce a hard, limited, or sectarian effect, and has a direct tendency to generate purblind bigotry to some contracted principle; the frequent cruelty involved in the exercise being mistaken for high morality, which refuses to sympathise with, or even tolerate, any exception in kind or variation in degree. It was universally the custom in this country till within these last few years, to ask, 'What is the moral of the piece?' The answer was always absurd or infantine; frequently turning upon the 'naughty' parts of the story, some quotation from a school catechism of maxims, or a common proverb, but

* "*Gregory VII.*, a Tragedy, with an *Essay on Tragic Influence*, by R. H. Horne, author of '*Cosmo de' Medici*'—'*The Death of Marlowe*,' &c." London: Saunders and Otley. 1840.

more commonly one of the ten commandments ; which latter, in a Christian country, we should have thought might have been taken for granted, without so many illustrations. Shakspeare is manifestly a profound and universal moralist ; yet there is no particular moral laboured at in any of his dramas. What is *the* moral of 'Othello?' An instructive grandmother would obviously say,—unequal marriages are dangerous, or, you should not kill your wife from jealousy ! What of 'Macbeth?' You ought not to listen to wicked counsels and fancies ; or, if you will murder a king to obtain his crown, you must suffer for it. What of 'Lear?' We ought not to be unreasonable, exacting, and passionate, when we grow very old ; or, we ought to be too prudent to give away all our property before we die. What of 'Hamlet?' This is very difficult. You ought to know your own mind, but you should not think too much of your thoughts ; you ought not to obey your father's vindictive ghost ; murder comes home to people ; you should not feign much madness in order to hide the fact from yourself of feeling 'touched;' you ought to marry the woman you love, not desert and abuse her, kill her father, and drive her to insanity and suicide ; avoid inconsistency, &c.

"A deeply comprehensive passage occurs in Shelley's fine preface to the 'Cenci,' wherein he meets the foregoing question in all its main bearings. 'The person who would treat such a subject must increase the ideal, and diminish the actual, horror of the events, so that the pleasure which arises from the poetry which exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring. There must also be nothing attempted to make the exhibition subservient to what is vulgarly termed a moral purpose. The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself ; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind.'

"A dramatist should not only refrain from moralising on his own private convictions, but he is also forbidden to make his characters utter any morals except those which arise out of, and are identical with, the peculiar natures of such characters, and the circumstances in which they are placed. His art does not justify him in systematically applauding or denouncing any morals or opinions of society, at any period, either of his drama, or of his own time. The drama is not to be used as a pulpit ; its direct morals and its moral tendencies must all shine spontaneously from the aggregate mass in action, reflected variously, according to the natures from whence they are derived or elicited."

In another place Mr. Horne judiciously remarks, that the propensity of modern times to reduce every thing as much as possible to a tangible reality, originating in the political spirit, and the growing tendency to level all fanciful distinctions in conventional institutions, has done incalculable mischief in its sweeping application to the ideal arts, and their moral tendencies. He further states that—

"In the construction and execution of all great tragedies, it is a fundamental law, that a compromise of passion to any other principle of action, perils the truth of the whole work, together with its moral tendency. Perhaps this was why Hazlitt placed 'fortitude of mind' as the first requisite of a tragic writer. In the present timorous condition of hypocritical affairs, we have certainly 'fallen upon evil days,' and yet weaker hearts,—or many of the evils would presently be trampled under foot, and scattered to the winds. The tragic writer, or he who would in any form deal with the greater passions, is now met at the very threshold of all publicities (unless he can enforce his appearance) with a long list of forbidden things, and a general requisition for mediocrity and compromise ; whereby the passions, being pre-

vented from all extreme transgressions, can present no sufficient contrast or effect in the anguish of their results: their strong and beneficial influence is, therefore, neutralised, if not utterly destroyed."

In the violation of these principles Mr. Horne finds the source of the failure of "Mary Stuart"—clever as it is, and the work of a clever man—

"A striking instance (he remarks) has recently occurred. In the Preface to the historical tragedy, entitled 'Mary Stuart,' the following humiliating admissions are ingenuously made: 'Mary's attachment to her favourite could not be rendered prominent without *the greatest danger.*' What danger? That the public would not bear it? If so, then, either the public is not in a fit condition of feeling and intellect to bear a revival of genuine dramatic literature on the stage,—or else the writer did not perceive how he could avoid grossness, and was, so far, deficient in the means of his art. It could not be rendered prominent, 'nor evaded,' proceeds the Preface, 'without suppressing *the only circumstance* that could palliate, or, indeed, account for the sanguinary act. I do not presume to say that I have surmounted these difficulties,—that I have produced scenes which, without countenancing the imputation of actual guilt, are still sufficiently marked by *indiscretion* to soften the otherwise unmitigated *horror* of the catastrophe, but it was my intention to have done so!"

"The success of the attempt has been fatal. Indiscretion, imprudence, and 'such small deer,' are assumed to soften a tragic horror, *otherwise* unmitigated! The effect produced on the mind by all this compromise, is an immoral effect; that of seeing a high-minded and accomplished man, whose only fault, among a set of illiterate and half-savage feudal nobles, was that of indiscretion (superinduced by the indiscretion of a queen), subjected to a cowardly butchery—intended as 'the moral.' It seemed a horrible reality on the stage, and was probably very like the fact,—without its cause. Of the dramatic abilities displayed by the author, no sort of disparagement is intended; but only to object to his principle of tragic composition, in this instance, as weak, erroneous, and destructive of the true aim and influence of tragedy."

It is exceedingly natural, however, that when an actor has the choice of plays to be produced, he should err on the side of accepting such plays as make such concessions to the presumed weak-mindedness of an audience. This reflection comes in as an additional reason for the legitimate rule of the poet being again substituted for the usurped authority of the mere performer, whatever his merits as such—nay, whatever his amount of taste. For, be it remembered, that taste is not genius.

The actor is, of course, interested in what shall be immediately effective. It is more than doubtful, however, whether a great tragedy requires not a considerable space of time for its appreciation.

"Of all characters," remarks Mr. Horne, "made known to us by the most entire, subtle, and diversified means possible—which is by genuine dramatic literature—their value as studies of human nature is to be estimated in an exact ratio with the elevation, the originality, and the completeness of their creation. If you can walk round them to see the back of the head, as well as the forehead—with all its insecure pretension and display (taken singly), and look into their thoughts and sensations far beyond the words they utter, then they are as certainly great studies, as it is certain that no man, of whatever intellect, by a casual reading, can judge of how much is to be gained by their existence, or what accession they offer to our stock of knowledge. If, on the other hand, they be mere flat-fronted transparencies, of which you

see nothing but heads dressed and faces made up for a passing occasion, no deeper thoughts and insights suggested than the actual amount of plot-meaning conveyed by the speeches 'put into their mouths,' no extraneous expletives can help out the deficiency. But for the 'perilous stuff' comprised in a really great tragedy, to what bounds of time and scrutiny shall we limit our study of it for a discovery of the secrets of active nature? It has required the profound study, the elucidation, the arguments, and illustrations of most of the finest intellects that have arisen since the time of Elizabeth, in order to obtain any due estimate (apart from the excitements of representation) for *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, &c., and to render even their more obvious revelations generally appreciable. Were any works of a similar order to appear for the first time in the present day, they would be estimated in a far less period of time, though still, perhaps, in some cases, requiring forty or fifty years. The other great dramatists of the Elizabethan age—Webster, Marlowe, Decker, Chapman, who are by no means so actable in themselves, have had no pains whatever taken with them to render them actable; and, though containing scenes of the highest genius, have been comparatively little studied—where is their estimation? The spirit and the genius that penetrated the heart of man, and could enclasp the stars, has not yet passed the English channel! Their mighty creations of passion have never been heard of throughout the little span of Europe. Even the public of their own country has scarcely any cognisance of their works. Yet these men were all inspired dramatists; which fact whoso denies, should certainly never pretend to estimate the yet higher and more complex creations of Shakspeare. Are we, then, so indolent?—have we no room for more?—is life too short?—or is it not rather that new studies can only begin with acted dramas, and that a series of new and great acted dramas can only begin with a free stage, and the abrogation of all patent monopoly?"

Apart from all the objections that lie at the theatres against *printed* dramas—no argument can show more strongly the injustice which the dramatic author suffers by being driven to the press instead of the stage for his primitive medium of publication. We have been told that public opinion, strongly expressed in favour of *The Roman Brother*, will *force* it on the stage. Psha! How is this public opinion to be expressed? Is it by a riot in the theatre, demanding its production? Not at all a feasible mode of doing the business! Is it by the public purchasing a certain stated number of copies? How many? And what chance of many? An unacted play never sells! The public are no judges of its stage-eligibility—and the experienced critic can seldom judge of its exact effect on the stage, previous to its performance. If the public are to be induced to purchase such a work, it will be as a dramatic poem, rather than as an acting drama. Neither of these modes of enforcement, then, seem applicable to the state of the case. Shall, then, the voice of the critics in the daily press decide the point? These gentlemen will differ naturally in their suffrages—such difference of opinion arising only from the untried condition of the drama before them. If it be meritorious, one party will acknowledge it to be a dramatic poem—and another, an acting drama. Shall you synthesize or antagonize these opposite decisions? Then, who are to be the judges? The unwilling actor and manager! Is it probable that they will sum up the case fairly, and give the author the benefit of a doubt? And if they do, in what manner will they produce the disputed piece? How was Mr. Bucke treated in the days of Edmund Kean, and at old Drury? No—no! The wrong done—the injustice committed—is of the

deepest, darkest character—wrong and injustice of the irreparable class!

But at all events, whatever answer may be given to these inquiries, Mr. Horne's position is abundantly proved, that no *great* play gets on the stage, unless the writer has the means of *enforcing* it. This is the root of the evil. Force of some sort is needed! If there be aught generous in the public mind, let them rise, as one man, to destroy this evil—let the great do it—let parliament and the court do it—let Prince Albert and the Queen do it! We appeal not in vain;—we know that it will be done!

We quote Mr. Horne's concluding remarks:—

“It will have been observed, that in the foregoing remarks, I have suggested not only the kind and degree of influence which tragedy has hitherto exercised, but that more deep, diversified, and extensive influence which it would exercise were all its properties called forth. On the latter position, very much more might be said; but at present it would be useless. The relative position of dramatists—the only originators of any genuine novelties on the stage—is so absurd with reference to the actors and managers, whom they should teach (except where previous ability renders it unnecessary, or natural incompetency impossible) how to embody their ideas, that there can be, as yet, no means of attempting anything really new upon the state of the public mind and feeling. The utmost attention a dramatist would find, in so unheard-of a case, would be comprised in an amused condescension, similar to that with which a king and queen might listen to the last new visionary. But new things are always practically possible in the world. If tragedy, and the collective drama, has been assumed in these pages to contain more elements of general nature and individual character than are ever sought to be found and studied, this is no more wonderful than may be observed in all other subjects, wherein the more we search the more we find. One of the chief excitements to the world's progress is its discoveries,—little as we may be aware of our ignorance in any given particular *previous* to the discovery. As to the acceptance or rejection of any really original drama, such a work never appeals to individuals seated in cool-headed criticism in order to think of its effects; but to the excited feelings of large masses of men. This excitement is the only test of contemplated effects: from reading is derived individual opinion only, given under disadvantages. But as there are no other ready means of prejudging the fitness for representation, of course the double difficulty of the circumstances produces a double lock; and the waters have not yet risen in sufficient strength to burst through the barriers.

“While considering the kind and degree of appreciation awarded to actors, in comparison with dramatists (who are the soul of all that the stage embodies; the producing power which all its intellect and energy are required to illustrate), I am certainly not anxious to increase the passion for ‘actor-worship,’ which has for so many years been a peculiar characteristic of the play-goers of this country. But it is only just to the feelings of those who are hardly to be blamed for any exclusive appreciation they may receive, to admit, to the full extent, the elevating usefulness of all genuine actors. A great actor does not wholly die (as it has always been said) when he is ‘seen no more;’ his noble ardours live beyond the grave, and exert an influence on men's characters and emotions, more enduring than we are at all able to estimate.

“Such are the chief grounds of a belief in tragic principles, and the influence of tragic compositions. Let the modern dramatist be assured at least of the sincerity of this belief, by one who would account it no small ambition were he thought worthy to be a champion of the fallen race. These few pages could not, of course, pretend to offer elaborate arguments, illustrations,

and demonstrative reasons for 'the faith that is in us.' An attempt has, however, been made to grasp the main pillars of the ancient, high, mysterious Temple—long darkened and debased by ignorance and idolatry, or shrunk and disjointed by sensualism and a withered will—and to shake the whole fabric to its base, so that mankind may be roused to examine the lofty branches of its power, and search into the depths and breadths beneath, which support its awful structure."

We have produced the subject at so much length, as scarcely to leave room for sufficient observations on the fine tragedy which follows. It is evidently written with a more decided view to the stage than the author's previous production—nevertheless, the scenes are still too many. The character of Gregory VII. is artistically sketched. We think, however, that it should have been kept unstained. His apostolical feelings, in the last scene, are scarcely in keeping with his more worldly motives in the first. But what of these specks? We have a grand whole before us—the work of an artist. It is also a poem of the historical class. Herein the poet cannot do precisely what he likes. The symbols are given to him—he can only translate them into exponents. He works not from the idea—but from the type. The intractability of matter is an old discovery—the dramatic chronicler feels the oppression of the physical, beyond all men.

In answer to all objections as to the degree in which the author may have succeeded, we may reply, that it would have been greater had his previous production been rewarded by its performance. Development in the theatrical direction can only be attained by coming into contact with the stage. All the faults and defects of the present drama would probably have been avoided by such acquaintance. Under the present system no apprenticeship is allowed—the poet must start master at once. And what then? Why, even because of his mastery, he is rejected.

Let, then, all the friends of Dramatic Reform lend a helping hand to the obtainment of a free stage; this obtained, let the true poet be placed at the head of one or more of the establishments; we may then hope to have realized in England, what was lately witnessed in Weimar, when Goethe and Schiller directed the performance of the plays that they had written. Let, too, but our court assist and patronize such eminently virtuous undertakings, and dramatic poetry will flourish as in the Elizabethan period, when plays were written by command, and performed of special privilege. Thus inspired, and thus patronised, the muses will prosper, and the blessing of Apollo spread sunshine round the land.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

Indian Life. A Tale of the Carnatic. By MRS. COLONEL HARTLEY. In three Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

It cannot be denied that life in the East Indies offers many salient points for the use of the novelist. The customs and manners of the natives—their poetical mythology—their curious systems of government and philosophy, are all supremely applicable to the purposes of fiction. At the same time, the Europeans who have taken up their residence under the burning skies

of our eastern possessions being no less peculiar in their habits, are no less fitted to figure in the pages of such a work. Any novelist, therefore, who knew how to combine these elements properly, could hardly fail of success. We think that Mrs. Hartley has done this: having produced a book, in which, without the aid of mawkish sentimentality, the interest of the reader never flags. In some parts we desiderate a little more graphic description, and characteristic dialogue, but altogether we think the work worthy of every commendation.

Canadian Scenery. By N. P. WILLIS, Esq. Illustrated with a Series of Views, by J. H. Bartlett. Part II. Virtue. 1840.

This work continues to deserve all praise, for the beauty of its pictorial, and the excellence of its literary, departments.

The Works of Josephus. Translated by W. WHISTON, A. M. Part I. London: Virtue. 1840.

A correct and cheap edition of the Jewish Historian.

The Merit of the Whigs, or a Warning to the People of England. By a Member of the House of Commons. London: Fraser. 1840.

A very clever, although antagonistic pamphlet. We must own, however, that we are more solicitous to reconcile sects and parties than to decry any. We wish for peace and unity—harmony and good will to prevail among all mankind.

The Life and Times of Martin Luther. By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living," &c. &c. Glasgow: Hedderwick. 1840.

The author of this little book has hardly allowed himself sufficient space to do full justice to the "Life and Times of Martin Luther;" but what he has accomplished seems to be tolerably complete. The work is, of course, a compilation, and like all such made-up books, is better calculated for amusement than instruction. There are, however, fictitious scenes introduced—the propriety of which is doubtless.

THE GREEN ROOM.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

We have had so many dramatic articles of late in the body of our Magazine, that we have neglected to give specific notices of several of the theatres. We can, however, no longer omit a favourable critique on the Olympic. Since the brilliant reign of Vestris—since the Olympic revels, and the Olympic devils, alternately rhapsodized and horrified us, there has not been a more showy series of plays enacted in Wych Street. The manager is sufficiently sagacious—the company spirited and diversified, and the parts very happily cast. Among the pieces we have lately seen performed with most pleasure at this theatre, are the Ladies' Club, The House of the Ladies, Bamboozling, Angeline, La Somnambula, and Gwynneth Vaughan. We have no space to criticise the merits of several of the actors and actresses who deserve high commendation. But we would add a few words in special panegyric on Mrs. Stirling, who is the Alma Stella Vesperis—the evening star of the Olympic. Among the dazzling constellation of cotemporary actresses, she shines conspicuous; luna inter minora sidera—her excellence consists in the graphic precision and strong relief which mark her delineations of character, and a skilful adaptation of those minuter touches of tone and expression which no second-rate actor ever hit. But Mrs. Stirling's forte, after all, is the rapid yet graceful transition from the gay to the pathetic; the instantaneous yet

mellow mingling of the lights and shades of thought and feeling. No one so well illustrates these two lines of Tom Moore:—

“The tear that affection can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.”

For the information of our readers, we add a few notes with relation to Mrs. Stirling's history. The notes are written in what Charles Lamb used to call the *style clippish*—short and sweet, like—we won't say what. Mrs. Stirling was born at London, July, 1816, was educated at Mrs. Grey's Roman Catholic seminary, Brook Green; is the daughter of the late Captain Hale, of the Guards. First appeared at the Coburg Theatre, under Davidge's management, as Miss Fanny Clifton—then at the Pavilion; there she married Mr. Edward Stirling (manager of the Adelphi Theatre), a gentleman favourably known to the play-going community from his admirable adaptations of Mr. Dickens's popular works; then left town for the provinces; became an IMMENSE favourite in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Preston, Chester, &c. &c. &c.; made her first appearance at the Adelphi under the management of the *Bonds*, 1st of January, 1836; made a *hit*, playing all MRS. YATES's and MRS. NESBITT's characters; joined Hammond at the Strand; gained great fame; became the leading STAR at the St. James's with *Braham*; starred in the provinces most successfully; engaged by Hammond for *Drury Lane*, as his *principal comedy actress*; and at the close enlisted under the banner of BUTLER, where we now find her drawing crowded houses.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Saturday, the 23rd of May, was signalized by the production of a new tragedy by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. Our space is so confined that we cannot now criticise it. Let it suffice, at present, to record that it was successful. It is called “*Glencoe, or the Fate of the Macdonalds*,” and relates to the massacre undertaken by command of William the Third, to force the allegiance of the Highland chiefs, who were strongly attached to the cause of James II. The chief fault of the piece consists in the characters being so numerous that the poet has not allowed himself room for the full development of more than one; in consequence of which its monodramatic effects have displeased some of the critics. It is, however, much to be commended for its purity of style and simplicity of construction. Both the writer and his work, nevertheless, will suffer in estimation from the present lamentable state of dramatic affairs, under which, not only authors, but actors, now are suffering severely.

No man is better calculated than Mr. Serjeant Talfourd to assist in the cause of dramatic reform; and Mr. Macready will win more fame, ay, and profit, by facilitating than by retarding its progress, though the result may be to bring two or three performers besides himself into more prominent notice. Generosity is wisdom.

ADDRESS TO THE READER

ON

CONCLUDING OUR THIRD VOLUME.

WE have now concluded our third volume, and, we hope, are becoming better and better understood by an increasing number of readers. We desire that our Magazine should be specifically accepted as a new work, though with an old name. There is, in fact, little, or rather, no connexion between the three volumes now completed and those which

preceded them—nay, the ground that we have occupied was altogether untried and unattempted. Our enterprise, sooth to say, in this divided country, was not a little perilous—it was no less than a benevolent attempt to reconcile all men, of whatever sect or party, by bringing all in subjection to *the One Philosophy*—a philosophy that has God for its head, and acknowledges Him as the Source of universal Being, and the Giver of Life to all that is. To Him, as the Supreme Disposer of Events, our humble prayer has ascended, that he would heal the breaches that now distract both Church and State, and in such manner order the movements of the times, that our present sorrows may be but as the passing clouds of a troubled dawn that not seldom precedes, and is often indeed the most certain advent of, a glorious day.

The difficulties that now beset the Poet, the Philosopher, and the better class of literary men, must and will soon disappear. Clearer perceptions are becoming more common of the Fit and the True. The public have, for instance, refused to support the absurd pretensions of theatrical managers, and the merely personal interests of particular actors. The State of the Stage is, as it should be under the circumstances, in the worst possible condition. One theatre is bankrupt and the other insolvent. *Richelieu* has proved a gross failure at the Haymarket—and managers are at their wits' end, yet, without the wit to trust to *the Poet* for their salvation. That is an avatar yet to be; but it will be, and ere long. The whirligig of time is rapidly bringing in its revenges. Meanwhile the State of the Drama is flourishing; dramatic authors in abundance are pressing into the field, and putting actors to the blush. "Ye," say the former to the latter, "have not the power to embody our conceptions! We need the Garricks, and the Kembles, and the Keans—where are they? where? And Echo answers, where? Ye shall, therefore, rule no longer over the domain of dramatic taste—we will make a public of our own, while the public is rejecting you—and thus it shall be proved, that dramatic Genius still lives. Nay—in the long run—we Poets will make, too, the actors that we want; and, instead of our fitting characters for you, ye shall learn of us how to act the characters you are; to us you shall come for the very elements of your art, whereof ye are now, with one or two exceptions, as ignorant as the beasts that perish!"

Our efforts in this field have made a deep impression. On another topic, also, we have dwelt with much advantage—Education, and particularly as viewed in connexion with Normal Schools. Several communications on this subject have reached us. We hope that "A Lady" received our reply and inclosures safely—let us remind her, that we had reason to expect further correspondence. Another lady has written to us the following epistle—relating both to our article in the April number of this Magazine, and a Lecture that we have since delivered a short distance from town. The reader will find reason to be pleased with it.

"MY DEAR SIR,

May 5, 1840.

"HAVING had the privilege of attending your Lecture here on Monday, the 27th, and reading the leading article in your last Monthly on Education, I have been led into a train of thought on the subject. I fully appreciate with you, the difference between Education and Instruction; and am per-

suaded that it is to the too far losing sight of the *former* while we are endeavouring to *impart* the *latter*, that many of the evils of our social and domestic state are attributable. Society, in general, has hitherto been satisfied with acquiring for their children a certain routine of useful attainments and scientific knowledge; and if to these were added a few, even frivolous accomplishments, the person was considered *well educated*, although the moral training and culture of the mind—the power of thinking justly, and of acting uprightly, and the important art of *self-government* (which alone could enable them to make a right use of whatever they had learned) had been wholly neglected. This neglect, which so generally prevails, to the great injury of society at large, is particularly baneful in its consequences in reference to *females*—the earliest and most important of educators—as I firmly believe that the character of every human being is, in a great measure, formed during the very earliest years of life. The *infant* mind is as a piece of wax in the hand of the mother to mould, even as she wills; for, the virtuous father may command respect, and the child by his authority and example may be deterred from evil by the deformity of its nature and the fear of its consequences. It is the mother, most especially, who, from her constant influence, and the overflowings of her affection, can entwine her principles round the infant *heart*, and become the honoured agent of the Divine Spirit to implant and cherish that *love* of truth, of righteousness, and of God, which shall, through the desert of this world, effectually resist the encroachments of Satan, and be within the soul ever as a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life.

“I feel desirous, as an individual, to give my testimony to the value of this species of early culture, as to its influence, next to that of a merciful and superintending Providence, do I attribute all that is of any value in myself; but I had the misfortune, in my sixth year, to be deprived of one, who from her moral worth and intellectual attainments, was eminently calculated to carry forward the good work, and whose amiable feelings would have delighted in the task, blending, as she was ever wont to do, her instructions and admonitions with the outpourings of a mother’s love. But her spirit has departed to its rest, and her young plant was thrown upon a desert soil and upheld by the mercy of God, through a long course of tyranny and domestic affliction, by the vitality and gradual maturity of the principles *she* inculcated. But for that I will not repine, for, if early adversity be the school of thought and wisdom, then verily has that school been mine. But this is but the intrusion of private feeling; and what has it to do, you will ask, with the general subject of Education. Alas! it is the record of a lonely heart; it is a *woman’s* digression, and you will excuse it.

“Your system, Sir, of educating the sexes together, however it may appear impracticable, and be opposed to the generally received opinions and customs of society, has some most important advantages over the present exclusive system; one of the greatest evils of which, in respect to the male sex, is the confirming and strengthening that obstinate stubbornness of disposition which most predominates where the mental culture is deficient, and is generally called in to uphold injustice and error, which transforms the man into the domestic tyrant, and destroys the happiness of social life. The custom of sending boys to large schools, where they are almost entirely withdrawn from the influence of female sympathies, is especially generative of this evil; and however impracticable it may at present be to carry your plan into full effect, yet I think that a due proportion of worthy female teachers and governors should, at all times, be provided in a boys’ establishment. But the advantage of a constant, virtuous, and well-regulated intercourse of the sexes, is especially important in reference to females. For, as in the economy of Divine Providence, it has been ordained that the majority of females should become mothers, it is essential to educate them expressly for fulfilling the duties of this high office; and to this end, it is requisite that they not only be established in good principles and just feel-

ings, but that a greater firmness of character should prevail, and a more generally philosophic and thoughtful inclination of mind be cultivated than the narrow prejudices of many will admit. And how can this be so effectually attained as by training the weaker with the stronger; that, like the oak and the vine, they may grow up together, the former imparting strength, the latter grace and beauty, to the other.

"I apprehend, Sir, that your proposed Normal School is contemplated only for the training up of persons to fill the office of teachers in free or public schools; consequently, that the benefits of such training would only be felt by a portion, that is, the poorer part of society. But I conceive that the whole system of Education in this country requires to be established on a different footing. In medicine and surgery, which relate only to the preservation of the body, we have colleges established by authority (which, however they may require reformation, are excellent in *principle*), wherein all persons who have to exercise that profession in society are required to undergo a strict examination, and are not permitted to practise without their license; and, surely, if such a superintending authority is requisite to protect the lives and health of the public from the presumption of incompetent persons, how highly important is it, that a similar tribunal should be established in the science of Education, in order that parents might have confidence in the integrity and ability of those to whom they entrust their children (which many who are engaged in business, in London especially, find it difficult to ascertain;) and that the minds and morals, and the truly and enlightened christian training of the rising generation might be carefully attended to, and not, as now, exposed to mere chance, and too often sacrificed to the cold-hearted selfishness of the mercenary.

"Great care would be required in the construction of such a competent tribunal; but this, though difficult, is not impossible; and when fully established, I would have no person, whether male or female, permitted to exercise the profession of an educator, whether in reference to the children of the monarch or the peasant, unless they had undergone a strict examination, and were duly licensed by such society. It is not, of course, meant that all persons so licensed should possess an equal amount of learning; but the license should particularly express their *degree of capacity*. In the case of infant schools for the poor, a knowledge of the first rudiments of instruction would be sufficient, and an ascent might gradually be made until the system be brought to include the highest amount of intellectual attainment and capacity; but in no case whatever, whether high or low, should any person be granted an educator's license on the merit of their *learning*, whose character did not bear the strictest scrutiny, and unless the most satisfactory evidence was given that they had so far successfully cultivated the higher and better faculties of their own minds as to enable them to develope and cultivate those moral and heaven-directed qualities which are the brightest adornments of humanity; but which, alas! are too much suffered to lie dormant in the minds of the people.

"In writing the foregoing, dear Sir, I do not presume to expect that it is at all worthy of insertion in the talented journal of which you are Editor; but if any of the remarks it contains should serve as an impulse to other minds, and in any way promote the good cause you have in hand, I shall be much gratified; and if it is unworthy of notice, shall be satisfied that it cannot possibly retard it.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours most respectfully,

"A READER OF THE MONTHLY.

"To J. A. Heraud, Esq."

"P.S.—Since writing the above, I learn that your Lecture has given great offence, on the ground that your theory of Education is entirely unfit for the present state of society, to some of *rather* enlightened minds, who,

interpreting that in the *letter* of the senses, which is promulgated in the *spirit* of the mind, would turn it altogether into lasciviousness, and a most dangerous and depraved state of morals would ensue. This I do not altogether hold with; and even granting it to be true, consider the discussion of such theories (however ideal) to be beneficial, as it is only by pointing to the opposite extreme that society can be made fully aware of the evils of the present system, and be induced to the discovery and adoption of perhaps a better suited medium. But in practically dealing with the institutions of society, especially in reference to mind and morals, it does not appear to be well to have too good an opinion of the materials of which it is composed; and the truth, however melancholy, must find a response in your feelings—that the mental tendency of the majority is *downwards*; and they who can soar into the regions of the imagination, and delight in the ideally beautiful, are ever destined to lament it. The carnal mind perceiveth not the things of the Spirit; neither can it know them, because they are spiritually discerned.”

The above postscript embodies some useful warnings. We have been mistaken, it seems, as recommending a theory which would lead to lasciviousness, forsooth. So far are we from doing this, that the joint education of the sexes is especially proposed as the means of counteracting the licentiousness that already exists. Besides the predicated Education is designed for a Normal School—for a school that shall prepare young men and women for Teachers in the world at large, and to forearm them against the dangers of being then suddenly thrown together for the first time—dangers which have wrecked many a fair and noble vessel!

We have no design to limit the business of the Normal School to the education of free or public Teachers; but aim to enlarge its plan, as means arise, that it may include every species of attainable benefit. Every Teacher, whether public or private, should be Normally educated in obedience to the moral and divine law, of which the intellectual and physical constitutions are but ultimate exponents.

We must beg, also, to correct our fair correspondent on another point—the instruction of the poor. Stint not your charity in this direction—the higher the kind and degree of Education granted to the poor, the higher will be that demanded for the rich. And thus, from the base to the summit, society will be elevated. Bestow all your solicitude on the foundations—the superstructure will then stand firmly enough, and bear whatever improvements may be desirable whether of use or ornament. The caution, however, as to the *materials* with which we are dealing, is well-timed. We ought not to have too good an opinion of them—yet we should be careful that we have one good enough. Man is fallen—yet man is redeemed. Let these two truths go together—and with their enunciation we close our third volume, recommending them as of the utmost practical importance to the attention of the generous reader.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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1870
The first of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor.

The second of the year
was a very wet one
and the crops were
very good.

The third of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor.

The fourth of the year
was a very wet one
and the crops were
very good.

The fifth of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor.

The sixth of the year
was a very wet one
and the crops were
very good.

The seventh of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor.

The eighth of the year
was a very wet one
and the crops were
very good.

The ninth of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor.

The tenth of the year
was a very wet one
and the crops were
very good.

The eleventh of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor.

The twelfth of the year
was a very wet one
and the crops were
very good.